The Bystander, August 24, 1921 No. 925. Vol. LXXI.

The BYSTANDER

BY ALFRED LEETE

PETITION DISMISSED

(A) The Petitioner for Divorce. (B) The Respondent. (C) The Co-respondent

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). At 2.30 and 7.45.
COURTICE POUNDS & EILEEN D'ORME, GODFREY TEARLE & CO. in "TAKING THE LIBERTY," ADA REEVE, W. H. SQUIRE, LILY FAIRNEY & AURIOL JONES, NONI & "HORACE," Etc.

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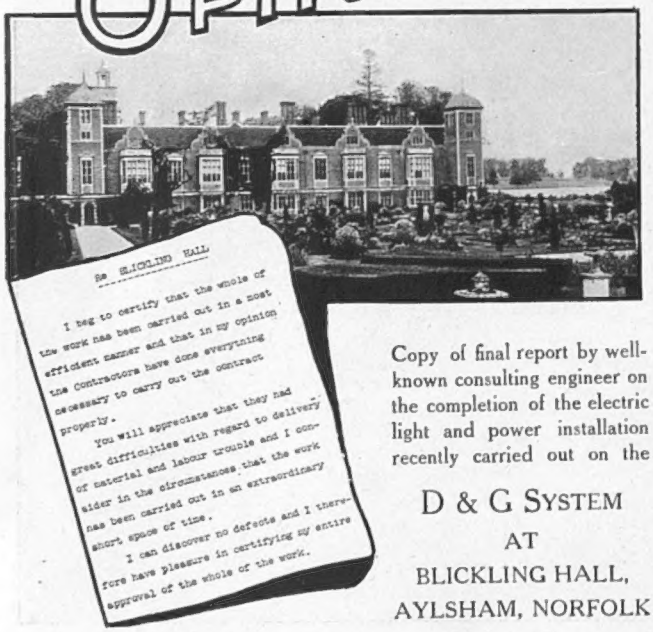
EXPERT OPINION



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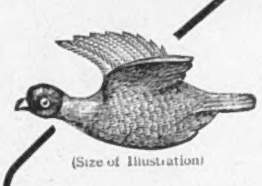
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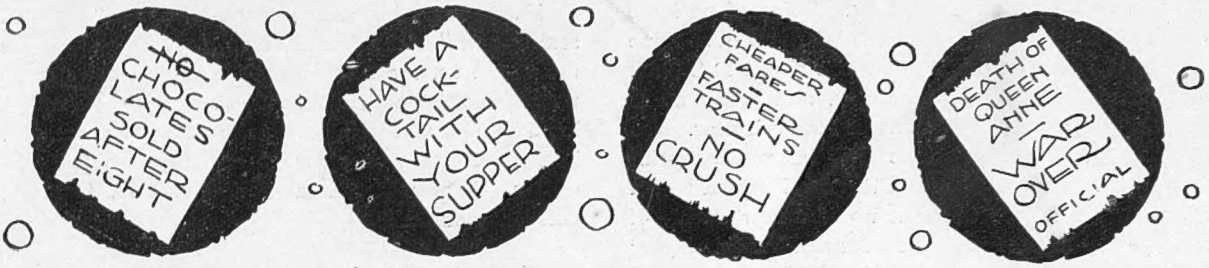
BYSTANDER COMMENTS



We can now nibble chocolates after eight,
We can likewise quench our thirst

The Railway millennium is dawning
And the War ends on September the First.

By Victor Hicks

A Matter of Bricks and Mortar

Man invented a great trouble for himself when he emerged from caves and burrows and made dwelling-places for himself with his hands. As long as he was satisfied with tents or mud and wattle he got along all right. But when he took to stones and bricks he built trouble for the future in every wall he erected. Ask Dr. Addison. As far as I can make out England to-day is full of people who are either underhoused, or overhoused, or houseless. And, strangely enough, it does not seem possible for any one of these three classes to help either of the other two. And—again I call Dr. Addison to witness—it seems beyond the wit of man to invent any plan that will help all three from the outside, as it were.

Impecunious Peers and Parsons

Consider the over-housed—the dukes and the peers and other landed magnates who can no longer afford to live in their ancient castles and family mansions. The New Poor and the agricultural labourers and town-dwelling artisans cannot take them over. Bishops cannot afford to live in their palaces, and parsons likewise declare every day that their parsonages are a burden too heavy for them to bear. Palaces and parsonages are also useless to the New Poor and labourers and artisans. In time, one is forced to fear, all these dukes and peers and territorial magnates, together with an army of the more prosperous bishops and rectors, will swarm into the houses and flats of the still moderately well-to-do, who, in their turn, will expel from their homes much of the New Poor as still have such things, and then the "housing problem" will be more acute than ever. It's a pity we cannot grow shells, like snails or lobsters. Perhaps in time Nature will step in. Meanwhile, I see nothing for it but tents—or a cry of "Back to the caves and burrows!"

Civil Service Sinecures

Headmasters and others have recently been making the flesh of anxious parents creep by warning them that this and that profession is, or soon will be, hopelessly overcrowded. After considering the prospects in a long and melancholy list of professions and callings, culled from a number of publications, I have come to the conclusion that the Civil Service is the sole remaining hope of the rising generation. In a few years its hundreds have grown to thousands, and there always seems room for more. Moreover—and this is a strange economic fact—the more Civil Servants there are the bigger their pay seems to become! Here, indeed, is a case of "the more the merrier!" Perhaps, too, this splendidly elastic service will solve the dukes' difficulty of "What to do with our castles?" They would make splendid holiday clubs for Civil Servants, whose holidays must soon be increased in order to keep some portion of them at work all the year round.

End of War in Sight—Official!

I hope that everyone has realised what an enormously important date in our history was

By Fred Buchanan

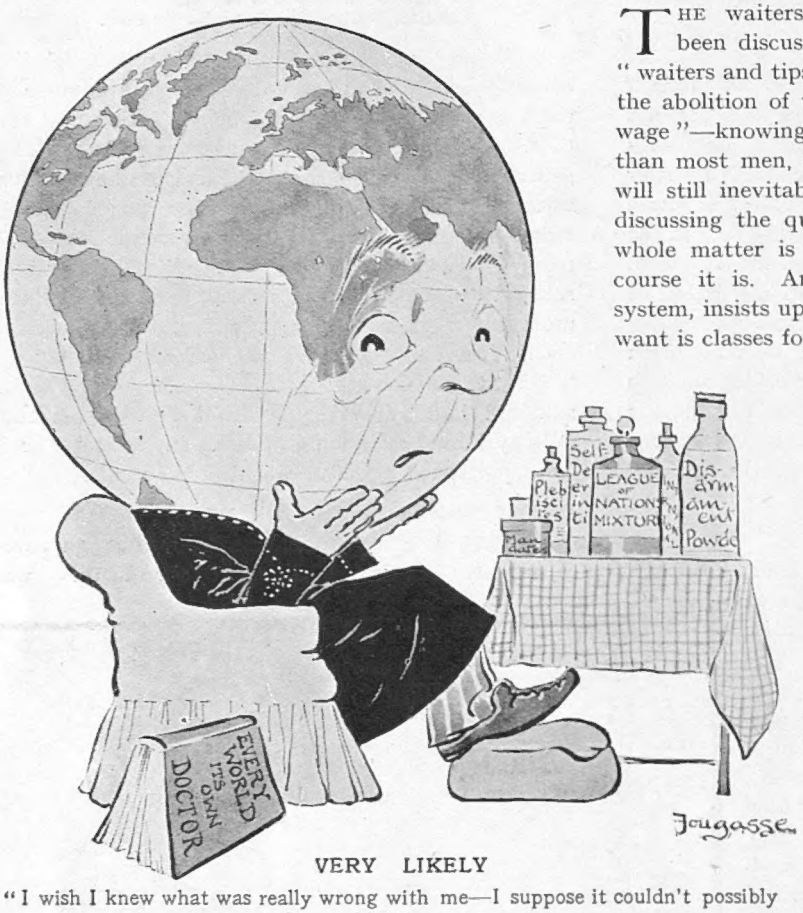
"KILLING THE GOOSE . . ."

Mr. Farmer Bull: "Isn't that *my* goose that lays the Golden Eggs, eh? What are you going to do with him?"

British Trades Unionist: "Do with him?—Why he's quit layin', so I'm agoin' to pluck 'im and eat him!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

August 10. On that date an Order in Council was made providing for "the official termination" of the War at midnight on August 31. Some of us have evidently been thinking that the War was over some time ago, and have been impatient about D.O.R.A. and taxes and Whitehall limpets, and many other evils of war-time. But now we know better. On August 31, midnight, there will be peace again, "except in regard to the Ottoman Empire." On September 1 I hope to wake up in a new world—if not one exactly flowing with milk and honey, at any rate one in which the restrictions of war-time will have given way to the freedom that we used to enjoy in peace. But I suppose that the only thing that will be different from August 31 will be restaurant and club menus, offering us oysters and partridges at prices far beyond our means. And the Germans are already enjoying pre-War beer!



VERY LIKELY

"I wish I knew what was really wrong with me—I suppose it couldn't possibly be swelled head?"

"Stunned and Aghast"

"Eight thousand people, stunned and aghast." What awful tragedy had they witnessed, what heart-breaking news, or what national catastrophe had been announced to them? It must have been something of this nature, surely, to leave eight thousand men and women "stunned and aghast." But no, it wasn't. Though, in truth, it was a sad enough happening, and one to stir the sympathy of any crowd. Mlle. Lenglen, after losing the first set 2—6 to Mrs. Mallory had a fit of coughing and "was assisted off the courts crying," at Forest Hills, New Jersey, U.S.A. Herein is a lesson for us. At Wimbledon not a soul that would not have been full of real sympathy with the great little lady, but "stunned and aghast?" I fear not. Not even accidents to Hobbs and Hearne leave us "stunned and aghast." The American takes his sports, as we are urged to, more seriously. Had the news come through some poetical special correspondent I might have thought it tinged, perhaps, with his own emotion. But "stunned and aghast" are the words of the sedate Reuter. "Stunned and aghast" must, therefore, stand.

To Tip or Not to Tip

The waiters of Holland and of Paris have been discussing again the old, old question of "waiters and tips." The waiters, of course, demand the abolition of tips and the payment of "a living wage"—knowing full well, for the waiter, better than most men, knows human nature, that the tip will still inevitably be added thereto. The *Times*, discussing the question, says "the solution of the whole matter is in the hands of the public." Of course it is. And the public, who invented the system, insists upon maintaining it. What we really want is classes for the instruction of tippers.

The Art of Giving

There should be a Tipping Chair, properly endowed—by tips—in every university to instruct the young in the art and science of tipping. To these Chairs might be appointed such retired head-waiters, or *maitres d'hôtel*, who would prefer the dignified calm of a university to the hurly-burly of a business of their own. I have known many who would have been a great addition to the manners, style, and appearance of the dons, even in our most ancient universities. From these centres of learning University Extension Lectures in Tipping could cover the whole country. It is not the tipping itself, but ignorance of the how to do it, that makes the system so irksome.

Bluff—or Madness?

Either Mr. De Valera is "a moighty foine bluffer, so he is," or he and his associates have gone stark staring mad. For they've turned down an offer such as neither Parnell nor Redmond ever dreamed of, an offer which, in its generosity towards a section of the people of Ireland who have spent the last twelve months in organised campaigns of murder, is, perhaps, without parallel in history. I do not myself feel any peculiar tenderness towards Sinn Fein. Those many families whose boys came somehow safely through France and Belgium, only to fall to snipers' bullets in Co. Cork, will harbour sentiments, I imagine, rather stronger than mine; and my sympathy is with them. What will now happen, I take it, is that the Government will assume that De Valera and Co. are bluffing—and proceed to call their bluff. After that—well, I think this is where all our leading publicists use dots, like this . . . . !

Movie Mascots for Motorists

BY E. T. REED

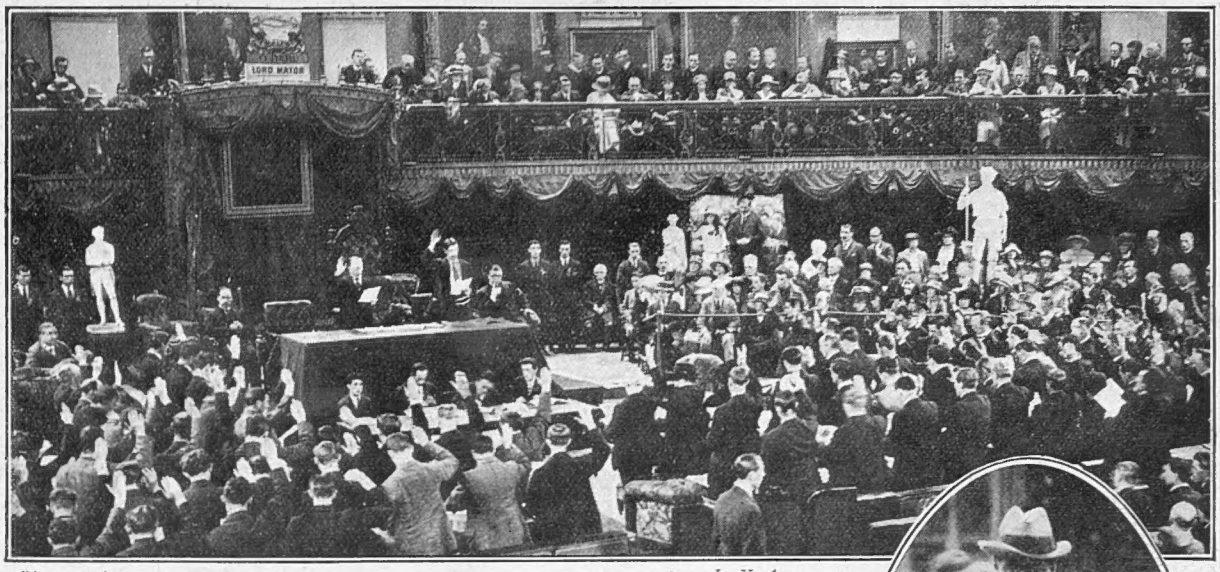
A FEW DESIGNS FOR KINEMA LOVERS

In Scotland Now

Photograph *C. Vandyk, Ltd.*

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE

A new and charming portrait of the wife of the Earl of Athlone, who is now staying at Ballater with her husband



Photograph *L. N. A.*

TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE

The scene in the historic Round Room of Dublin Mansion House, when members of Dail Eireann took the oath of allegiance to the "Irish Republic" last week. Each member stood with hand uplifted as the oath was recited in Gaelic

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The King's Civil List

THOSE people who regard the King as having an illimitable purse—and amongst them are quite a considerable number who ought to know better—read the announcement that there has been a gap between the Royal income and the Royal expenditure for the two last years with great surprise.

It is a sign of the times—and a happy sign—that the Bill which had to be passed through Parliament before the King could realise £100,000 of the property of his Duchy of Lancaster evoked nothing but the most sympathetic comment. The King has been hit as hardly by increased prices as all his subjects, and since the Armistice the number of Court functions—the expenses of which are defrayed out of the Royal purse—has gone on increasing and multiplying.

Apart from the upkeep of the Royal residences, Court functions, State entertaining, etc., etc., all the Royal journeys and visits to various parts of the kingdom *en représentative* are defrayed entirely out of the Civil List.

I have been told by a competent authority that the English Royal family costs the country less than any other reigning family in Europe. And for this reason. When he succeeded to the Throne the King, like his father and grandmother, relinquished the Crown lands, which are the hereditary possession of the Sovereign, to the country. The income from these Crown lands has increased so enormously since the time of Queen Victoria that, a few years before the War, the difference between what the country received for them and what the country paid to the whole of the Royal family was literally only a few thousands.

A Question of National Prestige

I DON'T know how matters stand now, but it is a strange and incongruous thing that the Sovereign of the greatest Empire in the world should be forced to

Photograph *Central News*

"THE UNCROWNED KING"

Mr. de Valera leaving the Mansion House after vigorously opposing our offers for permanent peace. He said it was always a case of "take" on the British side and "give" on the Irish side

Photograph **AT THE STOCKTON RACES** *Sport and General*

Lord and Lady Londonderry (in the centre) gave their usual big house-party last week at Wynyard Park for the Stockton races. With them will be recognised Lady Garioch and Major H. T. Barclay, the judge

Photograph *Sport and General*

ON THE MOORS

The Earl of Jersey and the Marquis of Huntly walking to the butts on Lord Lonsdale's shoot at Shap, Westmorland, at the opening of the grouse season

sell his property in order to meet a deficit between income and expenditure, a deficit brought about in spite of rigid economy. It was characteristic of the King that he declined the suggestion that the deficit should be met from public funds. But the whole question of the Royal income will have to be gone into. It is a question of national prestige.

Thirty Years Ago

A FEW days ago I was looking through a bundle of letters written to a member of my family some thirty years ago—to be precise, in 1889. The writer was in the Foreign Office. He was kept in London for the whole of August that year. If he had been sent to Kamskhatka he could not have clamoured more loudly for sympathy.

Certainly a dreary picture emerges from these letters. Mayfair and Belgravia shuttered and be-blinded; the Park empty; scarcely a soul at his club; the chief theatres closed and only second-rate turns at the music-halls. "London is a desert," he wrote one Sunday. "I feel I am the only man left in it. This afternoon I walked from Berkeley Square through Carlos Place into Grosvenor Square, and so into South Audley Street. I did not meet a living soul. In the remote distance in Grosvenor Square I observed a policeman. I was Robinson Crusoe. He was the Man Friday. We had all that region to ourselves, and not a single window that did not tell the same story, 'The family is in the country.'"

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE

Who is staying with Lord Lonsdale at Shap, bringing in a few of the grouse that fell to the guns

What a contrast with to-day, when people come and go in August just as busily as they do in June and July, and the theatres and restaurants are practically as well-filled!

"Keeping Up Appearances"

THERE was a rigid convention about *not* being in London during August if you were in the *monde*. For the life of me I can't understand why, but the poverty of other people was, apparently, not regarded in the late eighties by the well-off with the complacency they extend to it to-day. "Keeping up appearances" was a much more rigid rule than some of the Commandments.

Out of this bundle of letters I have unearthed an interesting example—I think it is a bit of social history—of the lengths to which this "keeping up of appearances" was carried. The *dramatis personæ* of the story are the widow of a peer's younger son and her two daughters. They had a house in Eaton Place, the widow's property, and a small income. During the season they gave three dinners, one in May, one in June, one in July, for which the men-servants were hired with the silver and glass. On two afternoons of the week the mother and daughters drove in the Park and paid calls in a hired victoria and pair. They were "at home" for tea every Sunday afternoon. Their dresses were bought by a faithful and devoted maid from ladies'-maids to whom the garments had fallen as perquisites. There's a pretty picture for you!

Three Months of Sham

THOSE three months were literally a period of sham, the object of which was to get the daughters married. When all the

Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN

Who, with his children, is staying with the Duke of Connaught at Bagshot. Last Saturday he attended the Sunninghill Fête in aid of the Church Army's Fresh Air Homes; Lady Patricia Ramsay, Princess Helena Victoria, Lord and Lady Downshire were also there among many others

Photograph AT GAY DEAUVILLE *[Sport and General*

Prince Philippe de Bourbon (centre) at the Deauville races. The short season of this butterfly *plage* is quickly nearing its end

Photograph *Central News*

ON THE DEAUVILLE SANDS

Lady Pedler takes a sun-bath after the morning swim

world departed, as it did then, just before or about Goodwood, these three women gave out they were going abroad. Where do you think the "abroad" was? The back sitting-room of the house in Eaton Place! Drawn blinds in the front of the house announced that the family was "away," and for one solid month the three women lived *en cachette*, only going out after dusk, lest they should be seen by any friends or acquaintances "passing through."

To-day one cannot grasp the mentality that made such silliness possible, but thirty years ago things were vastly different. When early September arrived, up went the blinds, and the "family had returned." From that time until the next season they lived in rigid economy and penuriousness. The mother staked everything upon the season. One of the daughters did marry—but not at all to her mother's liking, and it was through her telling her husband the story of the silly shams in Eaton Place that it found its way into my old bundle of letters.

Within Sight of a Throne

THE death of that fine old man, King Peter of Serbia, recalls the fact that an American woman was once within sight of wearing a crown. When a young man of twenty-four he was exiled with the rest of the Karageorgevitch family from Serbia. He fought for the French in the Franco-Prussian

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY MOIRA LYTTELTON

And Mr. Marshall Field pose for the photographer during an interval of the Deauville races

Photographs *Russell, London*

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE

Sir William Sutherland, K.C.B., M.P., a Lord of the Treasury, and his fiancée, Miss Anne Christine Fountain, C.B.E., of Birthwaite Hall, Darten, Yorkshire. Their wedding takes place to-morrow, the 25th

War, and was thirty-nine when he married a daughter of the late King of Montenegro. She died six years after the marriage, and Peter Karageorgevitch, as he was then known, settled in Geneva for the sake of his children's education.

He was a fine figure of a man; his long years of exile from his native country and his princely birth created an atmosphere of romance around him. A very wealthy American woman made no secret of the effect of such a combination upon her sentiments, and at one time it seemed more than probable that the present King of Serbia would have an American step-mother. It was generally said in foreign Courts that the unpopularity of the marriage of King Alexander Obrenovitch to his mother's lady-in-waiting, the unfortunate Queen Draga, gave Peter Karageorgevitch reason for hesitation. Further, it was known that Queen Draga would be childless, and there was always the chance of the Karageorgevitch's being called back to the throne. Such a chance might be lost if an American manufacturer's widow would have a right to share the crown.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

MARRIAGE OF LORD DUNBOYNE'S NEPHEW

Captain Richard Eldred Hindson, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and nephew of Lord Dunboyne, leaving St. John's, Paddington, after his wedding to Miss Margaret Eacy Lawrence, granddaughter of the hero of the defence of Lucknow. Wolf Cubs formed a guard of honour

So the American dame went sorrowfully away, and when Fortune's whirligig called King Peter to the throne of his father and grandfather he returned to Belgrade a widower.

His son, Alexander, who has been Regent since 1914, is to marry a Princess of the House of Bourbon-Orléans. The first Karageorgevitch—the new King's great-grandfather—was a "peasant, pig-merchant, and *hajduk* (brigand)," the Bourbon-Orléans go back to the earliest kings of France, but this is not so startling a commentary on the turning-upside down of the old order of things as the forthcoming marriage of Mr. William Leeds to a daughter of a Russian Grand Duke.

London Herself Again (?)

I WONDER if the restaurants and other places where they sup will make a special feature on September 1, when it will be permissible for the king's lieges to order drinks with their supper once more.

I should think proprietors of restaurants will feel inclined to hang them with cloth of gold in celebration of our return to freedom, and the final taking-off of Dora's clutching fingers.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

THE HON. CYNTHIA CHALONER

Whose marriage to Captain Herbert Pease, D.S.O., Western Arab Corps, Egyptian Army, will take place at Gisborough, Yorkshire, on September 28. The bride-elect is the third daughter of Lord and Lady Gisborough

Photograph *Underwood and Underwood*

A DISTINGUISHED INDIAN VISITOR

Colonel His Highness the Maharajah of Kishangarh, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., who is now in London for a short time. His Highness was one of the first ruling princes who came over to fight on the Western front at the beginning of the War

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

SOMEWHERE-AROUND-LONDON, *August* 22

DEAR COUSIN—

ALAS, my by-the-sea days are over, for the moment, anyway. Though the call of the fresh ocean breezes and the soft caressing waves is so insistent, this summer of all summers that ever were, that there's no knowing when or why or how we mayn't fall victims once more, suddenly and recklessly and hopelessly, to the eternal fascination of the sea-who-must-be-obeyed. But meanwhile . . .

MEANWHILE I've made a discovery. No, not London—though the great metrop. itself is one of those things you very often don't really learn to know until such times as these. Just a shade desolate and strange-looking, perhaps, in some ways. I mean, places like Bond Street and Piccadilly and the Park have certainly taken on a curious and unfamiliar aspect, what with the Court gone to Balmoral and *le monde qui s'amuse* scattered to the uttermost ends of the earth, and even H.M. faithful Commons broken up for—eventualities.

"Over a million ex-Service men wanting work"

NO one left but world's-workers and country cousins, up on the cheap, and bravely and gallantly persuading themselves that they're right in the swim and the vortex and centre of things. But really, you know, they're quite worth going about with, even if you haven't got a sense of duty to sustain you. Finds out such wonderful things, one does, and sees parts of London and famous and historic sights which never, never before had one dreamt of, much less ever visited. But that isn't really what I mean by the great discovery.

SOMEWHERE, somewhere just out of London and yet in London it lies. We are right in the country. Not a sound of traffic, not even a distant murmur from the myriads of motor-buses and trains and trams which make life a perpetual seething roar to the dweller in the city. In the morning, when we throw open our shutters and our windows, peace reigns everywhere. The sun streams down on us as we stand on our matutinal doorstep, with no disturbing noise to flutter the clear fresh air but the postman's rat-tat as he leisurely approaches our own expectant portals. And as we stroll out with the dragon-dogs through country lanes and birch woods, we meet hardly a soul on our before-breakfast walk.

AND then, breakfast in the garden. As you consume your bacon and eggs and toast and marmalade and tea, that taste, all of them, like nectar and ambrosia, with the sun just flickering here and there in faint tracery through the branches of the old apple-tree—well, you don't feel, somehow, as if you'd done *altogether* wrong to quit for a time even the all-absorbing charms of the loveliest bay that ever was, for this inland spot. And next, lunch ditto, and tea also, and supper likewise—I wonder *why* there's such a rich and abiding fascination, somehow, about having meals out of doors?

PERHAPS it's the informality of it all, what? that throws a glamour over even all the discomforts of a *real* picnic, when you eat at all sorts of frightfully uncomfortable angles and get cramp with the *mayonnaise* and housemaid's knee over the pigeon pie, and spill the salt into your sauterne, and find caterpillars in the claret, and myriads of flies in the mustard. Because formal meals can be simply unspeakably awful, can't they?

YOU know the kind I mean. Solemn sitting down together, at a certain fixed hour, of several people who, perhaps, don't particularly care for one another and haven't anything particular in common, to a solemn succession of different kinds of "eats," as they say in the U.S. . . . Dutiful munchings of various comestibles in their proper order, while the

"Breakfast in the garden"

family clock stares you in the face, and the family portraits mesmerise you with their fixed gaze, and Aunt Emily remarks how warm it is for the time of year, and Uncle John says they managed the weather

"Just a shade desolate"

better in his day, and it gets stuffier and stuffier and stuffier. . . Until at last you feel you must either burst, or say what you think, or do *something* utterly and entirely and hopelessly rash. . . .

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WHEREAS—under the apple-trees, the wind just whispers softly, and you eat and drink your nectar and ambrosia when you will and as you will, and you talk or are silent just as you prefer, and platitudes are put to shame by the deep blue sky, and insincerities squashed by the infinite grandeur of the twinkling stars and the rising moon. . . . And heart speaks to heart and friend to friend, and even the worst bores fall (sometimes) momentarily dumb.

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AFTER all, meals are one of the lovely pleasures of life—or should be. Partly, I suppose, because they're one of the pleasures you *can* share, with the right people. To eat and to talk—one of the most delightful combinations in the world, isn't it? But you've got to do either or both of them in a proper and suitable *milieu*. Rather breakfast in bed alone off a doubtful egg and immature tea and a pallid piece of toast, myself, than have all the world's best and most savoury steaming dishes in the wrong company, what? Must say I think it's almost as indecent for people who don't like each other to eat together as it would be to—oh! well, never mind.

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BUT about this place—no, I think I'd better not tell you its name, because there'd be such a rush, though you can guess if you like. Lovely trees in the country round, with a soft haze over the distant slopes, and early morning riders come cantering by, and now and then a car or two rolls past, and the children play cricket (and football) quite close to the little old country cottage somewhere-around-London. But its name—no, as they say (or said) in one of the plays of to-day (or the day before yesterday)—no, a nosand times thou!

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MEANWHILE—oh! what a chequered world we do live in, here in England now! Season's, of course, shifted its course to divers places—Scotland, where they pursue the elusive grouse, or Deauville, with its no less elusive millions to be snatched from the bank, not to mention Harrogate, where waters are dutifully imbibed in the early morning and dances indulged in by night, and Frinton, where you live night and day in your bathing-hut, and a thousand other more or less delightful spots dedicated to the pursuit of holiday pleasure, even if—as they say in *The Trump Card*—"half the people you meet there sound like the wine-list."

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"Deauville"

AND, meantime—once more—over a million ex-Service men, according to Lord Haig, are still in want of work. Do you know, by the way, that in London alone there are over seven thousand men wounded in the War who've not yet recovered from their injuries? Many of them, perhaps, won't ever recover. Have we forgotten them? Don't let's. The War may be *démodé*, but, after all, they *did* fight for us. And if one can't help directly there is quite a good show called the Not Forgotten Association which knows how to do it and will do it for you if you want to take your share. The address is 86, Ladbroke Square, W. 11, and, as someone's put it, "during the War they did their best for others, and now that they have paid so great a price it is only fitting that those others should not let them be forgotten."

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Two Family Groups

Photographs *Russell, London*

LORD ESMÉ CHARLES GORDON-LENNOX

With his son, Reginald Arthur Charles, in the grounds of Richmond House. He married in 1909 the Hon. Hermione Fellowes, the daughter of Baron de Ramsey. Inset is the Duke of Richmond and Gordon with two of his grandsons, the children of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland; on the left, Earl Percy, and right, Lord Hugh Percy. The Duchess of Northumberland is the younger daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon by his second marriage

A Fascinating Film Vamp

Photograph] MISS LILIAN GISH *[E. O. Hoppé*

A charming photograph of this clever film artiste who made her name in "Broken Blossoms." She has just completed a film, "Way Down East," which will be released next month, and is now acting in "Two Orphans"

SKITTLES AT THE APOLLO

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.

ALICE BOWES AS SKITTLES HORACE HODGES AS WILLIAM WIGGLESHAW

THE play opens in the back parlour of a pawnbroker's establishment. It is not, of course, for me to enquire how the authors came by their apparently extensive and peculiar knowledge of this mysterious industry; but in these days when we are being fiscally excoriated by a grandmaternal Government, one never knows when such information may be useful. I am, therefore, very grateful accordingly. At the same time, I had never thought that pledging valuables was such an agreeable business as it appears to be. It seems that you ring the bell at the side door and are at once politely admitted into a comfortably furnished parlour, and invited to take a chair. Then the pawnbroker, in a gentle and sympathetic way, values the article brought to him, and counts out the bank-notes, and finally bows you off the premises with the grand manner of a Chesterfield. I really must get out that old turnip-watch my grandfather used to wear in his fob and have another look at it. For all I know to the contrary it may help to settle the everlasting feud between myself and the predatory tax-collector.

THE play itself is not exactly of the quality that need make residents in the immediate neighbourhood of the Thames apprehensive of a local conflagration. It is quite obviously the work of practised hands, who move their pieces about the board with the usual deftness of seasoned experts; but most of the time they seem to be making their bricks not only without straw, but also without some of the other ingredients of the brick of commerce. I blush to say that I do not know what bricks are made of. I shall have to ask Dr. Addison. The outstanding feature of the play is the character of the

pawnbroker, Mr. William Wiggleshaw, which is played with a really perfect art by Mr. Horace Hodges, who will be best remembered by his distinguished work in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. The first thing we learn about the story is that Mr. Wiggleshaw's assistant, Lawrie Cateley, is resigning his job. He wants to leave pawnbroking for the Stock Exchange, as he not only desires to make a lot of money, but also to mingle freely with the nobility and gentry who do not —officially, at least—take pawnbrokers to their hearts.

Just as Mr. Cateley is leaving a client is announced. It is a young lady who wants to pawn a diamond ring for a friend. She gives her friend's name as the Hon. Margaret Atherton, so there is no doubt about the genuineness of her statement. Furthermore, having received thirty pounds as the value of the ring, the young lady puts it in a registered envelope, and addresses it to the Hon. Margaret with her own hand. Then, with a confidence that is as sublime as it must be rare, she hands it to Mr. Cateley, who offers to see it through the post-office for her. I do not myself discern

ALICE BOWES AS SKITTLES

GEOFFREY KERR AS LORD ROFTUS

LILSA GRAHAME AS MARGARET ATHERTON

the precise value of registering a letter and leaving the receipt for it in the hands of a total stranger; but, then, I never did pretend to know everything. As soon as Mr. Cateley has gone, the fair stranger is left alone with Mr. Wiggleshaw, to whom she confides the sad truth that she would now like to pawn something on her own account, being lamentably short of petty cash. The only article of value she has is a locket her dead mother gave her (pathos). Mr. Wiggleshaw at once hands it back to her, observing, in the gentlest manner in the world, that he cannot allow her to make such a sacrifice. The fact that the value of the article is sentimental rather than intrinsic does not, I feel sure, influence his decision, though I suppose even in the pawnbroking world business is, in a manner of speaking, business.

After a little sympathetic conversation Wiggleshaw states the position as he sees it. He is an old man quite alone in the world, and she is a young girl, similarly placed. He wants her help; she needs his. He therefore proposes to adopt her. This is a branch of pawnbroking industry that appeals to me immensely. I must get that old watch of my grandfather's and run round to the pawnshop with it. The chance of being adopted by a wealthy pawnbroker is not one to be missed in these precarious times. In addition to possessing a lucrative pawnshop in Wardour Street Mr. Wiggleshaw owns an inn with a skittle-alley near Dorking, in Surrey. This makes the prospect of being adopted more fascinating than ever. Beer and skittles! The inn is at present being managed by a Mrs. Toffin, a middle-aged widow, whose sinister purpose it is to lure

Mr. Wiggleshaw into the matrimonial net. If the newly adopted young lady will go down to Dorking from time to time and take charge of the inn, Mrs. Toffin will be kept in her place; and, because of the skittle-alley, he will call the young lady "Skittles." It seems to me that with equal logic he might, because of the bar, have called her "Swipes!" The object of this distinctive nomenclature is to conceal the real name of "Skittles" from people who might recognise it, as she is really a rather well-connected young person, only you must not say so, or else it would give away the plot.

WE then come to Lord Roftus, a young and well-meaning peer who lives in the neighbourhood of the inn near Dorking. Before his lordship inherited the title he was only a younger son with no prospects. At that time he was more or less engaged to the Hon. Margaret Atherton, hereinbefore referred to. But that little affair is, of course, all off now. I mean, when the girl goes and pawns her engagement ring for thirty pounds, I think you are justified in assuming that she no longer attaches any importance to it as a symbol of undying love. But now that the young man has inherited the title Margaret is on his trail again. It so happens that Lord Roftus is too busy to give Margaret the attention she desires. He is making love, for what the French call the good motive, to "Skittles." And in all sincerity he asks Mr. Wiggleshaw for the hand of his adopted daughter. The old pawnbroker, however, holds firm views on the subject of people keeping to the atmosphere to which they rightly belong. An eagle, for instance, can soar aloft into a rarefied atmosphere that would give a hedge-sparrow a bad headache. We ought, in short, to keep our proper stations, as enjoined with official piety.

IF, therefore, Lord Roftus wants to marry a pawnbroker's daughter—for Skittles has become practically that—he must serve his time in the pawnbroking business so as to be properly attuned to his new environment. This, in fact, the young man does, till his mother finds him out and comes and tells

Skittles that she is wrecking the poor boy's career by encouraging his attentions. Skittles, of course, politely stands aside; and then a charge of theft is trumped up against her, and she is subjected to a good deal of personal annoyance till the happy ending. Meanwhile Mr. Cateley, in pursuance of his ambition to ally himself with a distinguished family, flutters round the Hon. Margaret Atherton. In this act, which takes place "several months" later than the prologue, he has already become rich enough to be an attractive suitor. I do not know how he did it; but I have one or two friends on the Stock Exchange, who would, I am sure, be glad to have the secret, even if they had to extend the "several months" by a week or more to ensure a satisfactory finish.

THE play is well worth seeing if only for the impressive excellence of Mr. Horace Hodges' character study as the amiable old pawnbroker. Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith puts a lot of good work into the part of the self-sufficient Lawrie Cateley, and Mr. Geoffrey Kerr does all that is possible with the rather puppet-like part of Lord Roftus. But Wiggleshaw is an old dear, and everybody will love him. JINGLE

KEEP COOL

BY E. L. ROBERTS

[*As these pages go to press—some ten minutes or so before their public appearance—a violent change in the temperature may make these hints superfluous. However, they may be of some use again a day or two later.*—Ed.]

The papers have been full of helpful articles by experts telling us how it is done.

Moved to pity by the spectacle of parboiled humanity, John Smith taps out the recipe on his typewriter, and probably collapses on his way home, and is taken to hospital suffering from heat-stroke.

As a matter of fact, keeping cool is a problem, the only real solution of which is dissolution—and that wouldn't help some of us!

But if there is no infallible method of keeping cool there are many ways of not getting hotter.

One of the best is watching other people perspire. Last week I went to a tennis-party. It was a perfectly good party. As a preliminary measure we consumed tea and cakes under the trees. So did most of the minor fauna of the district, one wasp going so far as to commit *hari-kari* in an ecstasy and the jam.

But I did not play tennis. My racket was distraught, or unstrung, or something; or else my flannels were in dry dock undergoing their annual refit—the excuse is immaterial. The fact to be noted is that, armed with a long iced drink (and refills), I sat in a comfortable chair under a tree watching four energetic enthusiasts grill slowly for two hours. It was one of the coolest and most restful interludes I have experienced lately.

Some people pin their faith to water—in bulk, not as a drink. They roast on stifling beaches in blazing sunshine, gazing at a glassy ocean, or walk about mopping their brows, trying to find the widely advertised "bracing breezes" which, when found, seem to have passed through a furnace *en route*.

Or else they go up the River—and if there is an over-rated cooling process it is "going up the River." In this case their usual procedure (after a suffocating railway journey) is to hire a punt. In all probability they are not skilled punters (on rivers). But they are tryers. They have come out to get cool, and they are determined to achieve this end, however hot the process may make them.

They zig-zag laboriously upstream in the heat of the afternoon. Having travelled a mile or so in three hours they tie up in what they fondly imagine is a cool backwater. It is nothing of the kind. As they discover later, it is merely an insect-hatchery suffering from famine.

In the so-called cool of the evening the adventurers return, the men trying to knock out incompletely gorged mosquitoes and the women trying to evict carnivorous midges who are doing their dernedest to live up to the midge motto, "*J'y suis, j'y reste.*"

Finally, the seekers after coolth, having paid the pirate who owns the punt, fight their way into a stuffy overcrowded railway carriage, and stand all the way back to some sweltering suburb.

Personally, when the next heat-wave is in the offing I shall become a Polar explorer, *nem. con.*, so to speak. I shall watch the thermometer with feverish interest, and at the first jump of the mercury I shall set sail for the icy north.

Alternatively, if (as seems probable) my banker retains his current views on overdrafts, I shall obtain temporary employment with a cold storage company.

On the whole the latter is, perhaps, the better plan. It entails less expense, and would fill one's friends with malice, envy, and all uncharitableness. How they will fume when they see me driving down Bond Street perched on the lower slopes of one of "Greenland's icy mountains" . . . my job, of course, being to drive the ice-cart!

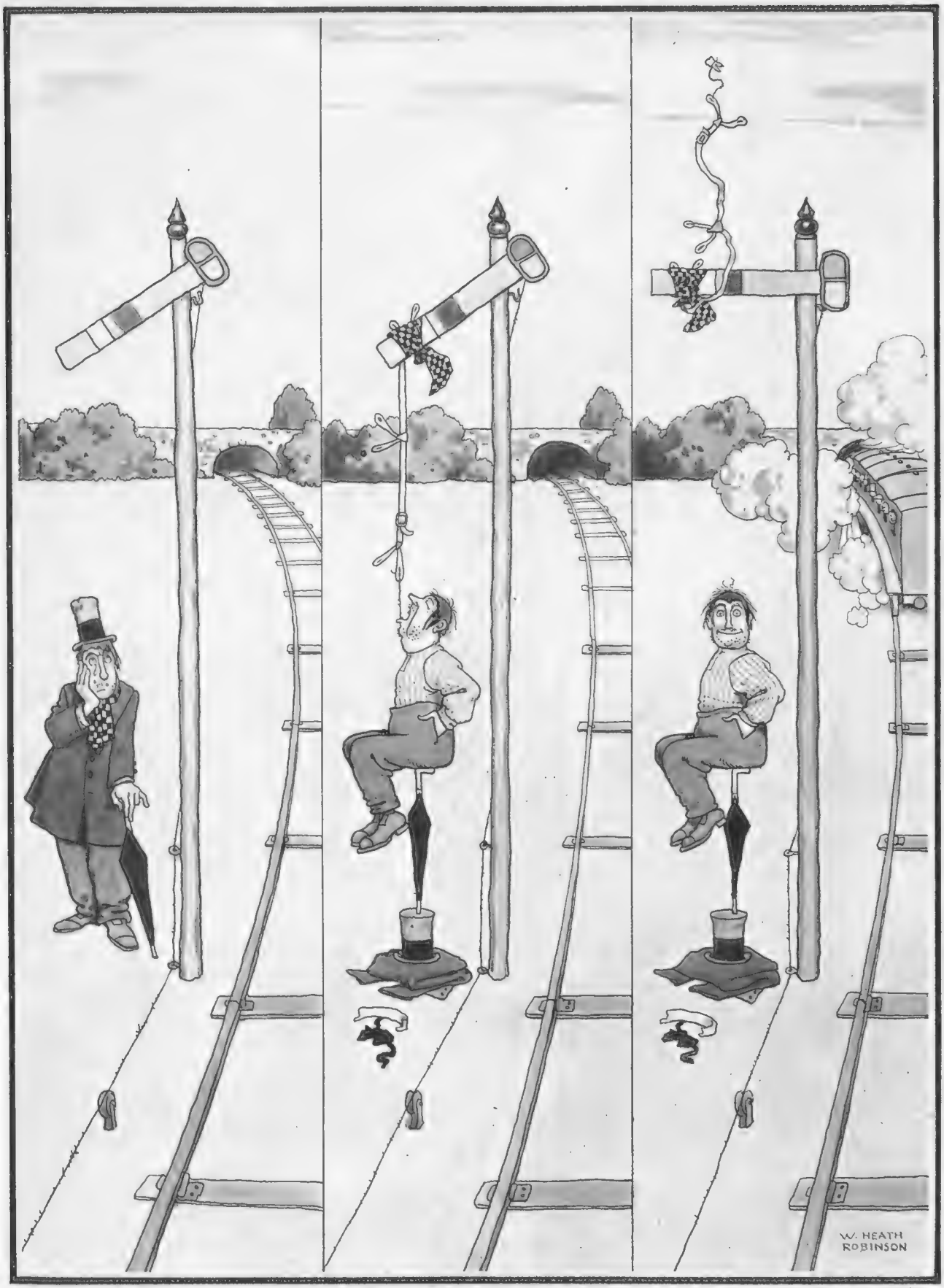
SPANKING NEWS!

"He's taken father's other slipper!"

By C. E. B. Bernard

TWO UP AND ONE TO PLAY

"Trainless" Extraction



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A SIGNAL REMEDY

Early Birds

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

THAT BEFORE-BREAKFAST BATHE

The BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

"On ne marche pas!"

THE CORSET CONTROVERSY

MES AMIS—

Is it not that it is of the most disconcerting to receive the reproaches for to have done what one has not done, when one has at the same time the regrets to not have been able to do, because of the complete ignorance of that for which one has been accused? That has the sound, I am much afraid, of the complication. But the complication has been due to the disconcert which has come upon me. For I have been accused to be a participant in a campaign—a campaign for the revival of the corset and the *lingerie*. And as I have not been even aware, previously to receive the accusation, that there has been in existence a campaign for the "revival" of the said articles of the intimate feminine adornment, I have felt rather hurt. It would have been jolly to have been in a contest of the such world-wide importance, although, even at this thirteenth hour, it is difficult to choose on which side it would be the less dangerous to serve. If all the opponents of the campaign are able to hurl the shrivelling up adjectives as the correspondent who has wrongly addressed me, one has the need of the vast courage to uphold the cause of the other camp. It is as follows that the very angry *dâme* has written the letter (which I have afterwards learnt has been intended for one who has really had some knowledge of the matter):

VILAIN MONSIEUR,—I am amazed that you should so have sunk from the high principles of liberty and freedom that you should lend yourself to this abominable campaign for the resubjugation of woman by the corset. Can it be that you are in the hire of the manufacturers of this crude survival of the cave-man domination, which we have been only able to abandon after the long years of the most bitter struggle against the tyranny and the repression? Your cheeks ought to blush with the shame that you aid in the efforts once more to imprison the fair form of woman in constructions that conceal the beauty of nature and substitute the false for the true. I suppose that you play a despicable part also in the plan to smother us again under the masses of the *lingerie*, from which the progress towards the complete freedom has enabled us this summer to escape.

"The wearers of the backless gowns"

THIS commencement is all that I would wish to print of the letter, for with the progress of the communication the writer, who has signed "All for Freedom," has become too terrible to quote. I have not ever thought it has been possible to be so wicked as the letter has described me to be (until I have realised that it is for a journalist who lives in the flat below).

IT is when I have overhanded to him the furious document that I have discovered all the details about the campaign for the revival of the "imprisonments" for which this lady has the extreme hate, although he has been quick to tell me that if one has thought that he gives the support to the movement it is that he has been misunderstood. It does appear that there is, indeed, a campaign for to make it repopular to wear those "constructions" and "creations" which the "All for Freedom" persons have cast aside. It is bemoaned by the manufacturers that they are in the danger of the starvation in the consequence of the scarcity of the *commandes*. They have had the hopes when they have enlisted on their side at the commencement of the campaign the *moralists*. But the moralists have failed to have the least of influence on the wearers of the backless gowns, and so long as the gowns continue to be without the "backs" there is not any place for the corset or the camisole. There are many of the people who have the belief that the bare back is not a thing of beauty, but there is not anyone who will say that it is more unpleasant to the eye than the corset. So the moralists have not

"How shocked they have been"

stood the earthly chance against the æsthetists. In the despair the manufacturers of the corset have had to solicit the aid of the fashioners of the frocks. It would not have been of the most simple to procure the assistance in this arrogant quarter if it were not for the weak spot which there is in the constitution of the designers. They have had always the illusion that they are quite all-powerful and that they have but to issue the decree *définitive* for this to be carried out. Therefore have the troubled manufacturers sweetened them by the syrupy compliments, in the knowledge that the more *sirop* the greater the certainty that the instructions would be issued. And they have had right.

HAVE forthcome *toute de suite* the pontifical pronouncements of the style dictators that the gowns of all the really fashionable Parisiennes shall be "built" to require the corset in the autumn. The masterfuls have left it to be understood by the rank and the file that they would have to order the frocks of the similar building if they would not wish to be recognised as the out-of-dates. But the rank and the file have reserved a shock for the style-makers. *On ne marche pas.*

THERE are those among the elders, of course, who have the readiness to fall into the line. But the youngers have the *après-guerre* idea to please themselves. So the corset constructors, who have rubbed their hands with the glee when they have read the *pronunciamiento* of the arbiters, have clasped them with the consternation when they have found it not to have the effect. What to do with all the stacks of the corsets in the warehouses, is the question. It is felt that there is only the one possibility to avoid the ruin and the disaster. That is to ship them to England and to America, where the ladies in the villages can be persuaded, it is hoped, that the *élégantes* of Paris are decided to return to the corset.

"They prefer to do their laundry themselves"

IT is the similar plight with the manufacturers of the *lingerie*, though the hush of the silence has been for some time preserved around this issue in other than what are known as trade-circles. For one thing the makers have counted on the weather to come to their rescue eventually. And in the interval, while to wait for a snap of the cold to bring a change in the desired direction, they have adopted the plan to compensate for the reduced demand by the increased prices. It has been no matter to the maker if a purchaser prefer to have but one of these dainties instead of two or three, so long as she has paid for the one the former price of the three. But there is a point at which this clever system of the business breaks down. And it has been boldly made public that this has been reached.

IT is the *blanchisseuses* of Deauville who have protested to the world against the terrible new fashion. They have declared how shocked they have been not to receive the customary consignments of the *lingerie* among the bundles for the laundry. One has understood the protest when one has learned that it is from this department that they have, in other years, made the largest income. The visitors have retorted that it is in protest against the high prices which have been charged by the laundresses that they have not sent the expensive garments. They have tried to explain also that the *blanchisseuses* are so rough with the delicate fabrics that they prefer to do themselves the laundry-work at their villas or their hotels. But that is regarded as a wriggle. Otherwise, how to account for the closing of the smart shop which sells the *lingerie* on account of the absence of the purchasers! ROLAND

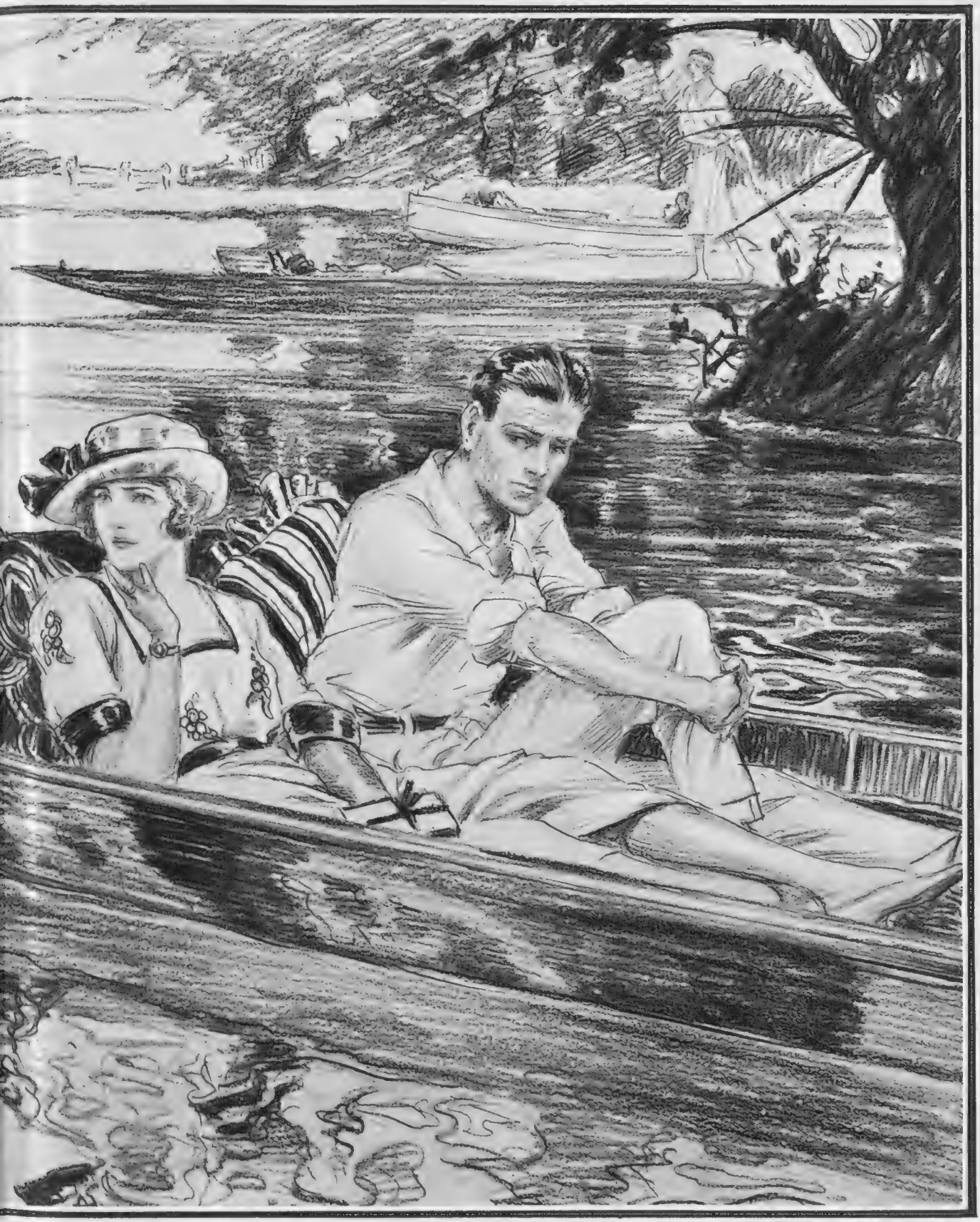
A Wife on the Ocean Wave

BY WILMOT LUNT

UNSYMPATHETIC

HUSBAND *(to seasick wife)*: "What yer grumblin' abart? Yer ain't been seasick for four years"

A BREAK



BY C. FLEMING WILLIAMS

K-DOWN

"TOO BAD!"

By Charles Burton

Ethel: "It would have been a nice dance, but the lights went out for over an hour"
Hilda: "Just my luck to be laid up"

The Demand Courteous

BY THOMAS JAY

["*The terse phrasing of many official documents might take a few lessons from business communications.*"—Daily Paper.]

In order to help forward this movement to abolish the cold, formal, and sometimes curt official notes, we append a few suggestions for a more friendly spirit.

"My Dear Jones,—Went for a perfectly top-hole walk down Whitehall yesterday. By the way, have you seen the new uniforms we have just served out to the Guards? That reminds me. I was talking to Sir Robert Horne yesterday, and he mentioned that little amount you still owe on your Income Tax. Should be delighted if you could pop in with it one day next week.—Jack, Income Tax Office.—P.S.—How do you like these new buff Income Tax forms we are sending out?"

"Dear Ted,—How do you like those green threepenny postage stamps we are selling at our post-offices? By the way, the enclosed postcard was insufficiently stamped and has been refused by the addressee. Pop another halfpenny stamp on it, and we'll get one of our postmen to run along with it. How's the missus keeping these days?—Ever yours, Kellaway, Postmaster-General."

"Dear Old Thing,—Went out for a run on the old bus this morning, and did the Bushey Hill on top. Reminds me, how's your old grid-iron going? I must not forget to mention that the old Guv'nor is awfully cut up because you forgot to register your bike under the Motor Registration Order. Get it done, old man, or the police will be calling round.—S. Park, Inland Revenue Office."

"My Dear Smith,—I hope you like the gas we're sending you. I've told our head man to keep a couple of therms of our special for you, and will send it through our pipes to you on Sunday. Can you manage to let us have a cheque for the last quarter? We've had an expensive time buying that Belgian coal.—Yours, Fred, Slocombe Gas Company."

"Dear Harry,—I was talking to Judge Joyful, who is putting up next week's show at our County Court. He says he'll be awfully delighted if you could come along on Tuesday at ten sharp about that little account of yours with the grocer. We have reserved one of the defendant's boxes for you. By the way, what's your handicap now?—Yours, Simpkins, Under-Sheriff."

"Dear Jay,—The editor regrets . . . I mean to say how's the dyspepsia these trying times? By the way, your article, 'The Economic Aspect of the Ford Car to the Cosmic Forces,' is positively great and our editor was so distressed at having to reject it, purely on the ground of short space, that he broke down and wept bitterly, and didn't get a wink of sleep all night. You'll understand. By the way, how's the wife's mother?—Yours, Jack, Assistant Editor."

Solving the Servant Problem

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

It's a pity about those performing animals because Mr. and Mrs. Zookor, the retired show people, had quite overcome the servant shortage

"The Bigamist": A Great

(1) *Pamela Arnott (Miss Ivy Duke) has been happily married to her husband (Julian Royce) for six years, and the two celebrate the anniversary by a dinner. Among the guests is George Dare (Guy Newall).*

(2) *The next morning Pamela receives a letter from which she learns that Arnott has married her bigamously. Her horror is only increased when her husband makes no attempt to deny the fact. He pleads that he had never really loved his first wife, and implores Pamela to forgive him.*

(3) *Because of her two children Pamela continues to live with Arnott, who still loves her, but later he goes away. In his absence she strives to overcome her love, but he returns, and for a moment she relents.*

"The Bigamist," which marks an epoch in the history of the British film, was produced by Guy Newall, assisted

British Film Production

(4) *As time goes on, however, Pamela ceases to make any pretence of caring for him and endeavours to console herself in her children (Prylla and Betty Barclay). George Dare, before he leaves, sees she is in trouble, and assures her he will do anything in his power if she needs him.*

(5) *Herbert Arnott's evil nature now begins to assert itself, and he spends a great deal of time in the company of Blanche Maitland, the children's governess (Barbara Everest). Pamela decides to discharge Blanche, which makes Arnott lose all control of himself. The governess, hearing him violently abusing his wife, flees from the house. Arnott swiftly follows her.*

(6) *Pamela discovers that Arnott's first wife is dead, and that Arnott has deliberately kept the fact from her. Dare returns, and tells Pamela that he has seen Blanche in Paris. Pamela then tells him the whole story, and he goes to Paris to find Arnott.*

(7) *He discovers Arnott—incurably paralysed, and, after bringing Pamela to him, he insists on Arnott's marrying her. Although Dare's friendship for Pamela has grown into mutual love, they see that their only possible course is to say "Good-bye" for always, and she leaves to marry Arnott.*

by a magnificent cast. The film, rich in beautiful settings, is being shown for a short season at the Alhambra

A Sailing Regatta on the Broads

THE DINGHY CLASS
Getting away in a bunch after an even start. The white dinghy (second from the left) is the champion in this class. On the left is seen a Norfolk wherry, a type of boat peculiar to the Broads

A TUSSLE FOR THE LEAD
On a beat to windward in the dinghy class

"MAIDIE" (left) AND "GOLDFISH"
Two of the competitors in the handicap cruiser class. 'Maidie," a boat more of the racer than the cruiser type, has been very successful in this class

Photographs] THE YARE AND BURE ONE-DESIGN CLASS *[Clive Stamp*
At the start of a race. The one-design classes afford excellent sport, for, since the boats are exactly alike, good handling and a fair amount of luck are necessary in order to secure a win

The rivers and broads of Norfolk and Suffolk form an ideal cruising and racing ground for the small boat sailer. Our photographs were taken at one of the numerous regattas held during the holiday season at various centres

HISTORIC MEETINGS

BY A.S.M. HUTCHINSON

Not enough thought—nothing like enough thought—is given to meetings—I mean to the first meeting of two persons. All the limelight is on partings. Every novel devotes pages to its leave-takings, to the last farewell, to the agony of good-bye, and all the rest of parting's such sweet sorrow. Artists paint it, poets hymn it, composers set it to music, singers wail it. It is the primary ingredient of what those who have commercialised the emotions call sobstuff. And with justification. Art seeks to hold up the mirror to nature, and we ourselves who are art's models know good-byes, and think upon them, as among the most poignant of the cues to which we respond in the parts for which we are cast.

But meetings, first meetings? Whoever writes or thinks of first meetings with more than a flirt of the pen or a flick of the mind? There is no sobstuff in the first meeting of two persons.

Ah, do not believe it! Parting, after all, is mere finality. The thing is done; the play is over. Weep if you must, but those are idle tears of yours: the thing is passed beyond your call: it is done, gone, finished. It is—perhaps their word for it is not so detestable after all—it is mere sobstuff.

But first meetings! Why, the whole of life's tragedy and the whole of life's romance is started solely and entirely by meetings. We could do without partings. If there were no partings there would still be heaps and heaps of sobstuff. Love, hate, sorrow, joy, happiness—all would unwind—and wind up—much as before. But no more meetings! Why, there would be no more—there would be nothing: in time no single thing whatever!

Yet we give not the smallest thought to them; in a long acquaintanceship scarcely can remember them.

Well, well, perhaps it is understandable. It is what we call (laying away the blame for so many of our shortcomings)—it is what we call "natural." After all, even including the close relationship of wife and husband, there is no acquaintance so close as offspring and parent, and who can remember the first time of ever consciously seeing this well-known person "mother" or that familiar figure "father"?

It happens—and it must be interesting since the feat is so rare—it happens that I personally do actually remember the first time I consciously met my father. I was brought away from him in India when I was about three, and I most vividly remember seeing him for the first time (as it were) when he came home on furlough when I was about six.

Funny business, being introduced for the first time to your own father! I believe there are people who instruct *débutantes* how to pass before the Royal presence at their first Court. It can be nothing to the pains my mother was at to teach me how to comport myself before my father. . . . Never mind that. There's no printing symbol to denote the twist of the heart the memory brings. I met him, anyway, and the most astounding person I thought him.

What absolutely astounded me about my father at that meeting, and for days afterwards, was the way, whenever he wanted money (and I never had seen or imagined money fly in the way my father made it fly), the way in which he used just to plunge his hands into his trouser pockets and bring out at a blow more money than I had ever seen in my life. My mother's way, when she had to pay out money, was to draw each coin separately from her purse and turn it round and look on it on both sides before handing it over, as though (and I remember I thought that was the reason) what was a penny on one side might prove to be a half-crown on the other.

But my father! I remember the first time he did it was in the tramcar (a rushing affair drawn by one horse which my mother on my birthday and the like occasions used to take me in as a most splendid treat, but which my father used as his washpot, and even cast out his shoe over the roaring two-horse ones). Well, the conductor came round for the fares, and I never shall forget my amazement when my father pushed out the longest leg I had ever seen and plunged his hand a mile into his pocket and pulled out this perfectly astounding handful of money—silver and copper simply heaped and flowing over—and picked out our fares with his other hand, and then slid the whole mass with a jingling roar back into his pocket again.

Ali Baba, when the cave door flew open and all the treasure of the forty thieves glittered before him, was nothing like so petrified and astounded as was I when that bursting fistful of wealth came shining out of my father's pocket and then went cascading back into it again.

But the man had millions! It was almost immediately after the tramcar incident that he loaded me with ninepence in coppers; and there comes back to me quite clearly my mother's appealing look at me when he said, "Now, if you take as near half as you can in one hand and the rest in the other how much will you have in each?" Alas! I hadn't a notion. My mother had taught me the most bewildering variety of things "that your father is sure to ask you," and if he had inquired of me, "What is sago?" or any other of the first dozen questions in our "Child's Guide to Knowledge," I could have told him pat; or even if he had divided the wretched things himself and asked me, "What do five and four make?" for my mother and I did these fearful posers, up to twelve and twelve, every morning while she brushed my curls.

However, my father only laughed his jolly laugh at what I said, and

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"HISTORIC MEETINGS" (*concluded*)

there was I with those nine astounding pennies all my own. I had no pockets, I remember, and I rather think pennies were made much larger in those days; anyway, they taxed my hands to capacity and beyond, and were always rolling about until my mother, unfairly getting me alone, put them all in my money-box except one. I didn't cry (what a torture it often was to me that, as my mother taught me, boys never cried!), but I daresay I gave a couple of blinks when my father asked me where the pennies were. "Ah! well, that's quite right, you know," said he, "still——" and the astounding man secretly gave me sixpence!

(I had the very great misfortune to swallow that sixpence an hour afterwards, but I never told my father, for I was still enormously frightened of him at that early stage of our meeting; and it was not till three months later that I told my mother, that being the night of the great storm when I believed the end of the world to be imminent, and, therefore, confessed to my mother how I had broken my solemn promise never to put things in my mouth.)

. . . . . .

But what I really was going to say when I briefed myself on behalf of First Meetings was to establish their profound significance and their tremendous human interest by drawing attention to a few which, had the parties thereto missed contact, would have left in the world voids that it makes one ache to think of.

Imagine, I mean, if Mr. Bryant had never met Mr. May; if Mr. Peek had never met Mr. Frean, or Mr. Huntley Mr. Palmer. Suppose Mr. Swan had just missed Mr. Edgar that day when they ran into one another; suppose Mr. Lea had taken the wrong turning the day he met Mr. Perrin; or Mr. Day when someone said, "I don't think you know Mr. Martin, do you?" or Mr. Lincoln when he went home and said, "I met a chap called Bennett to-day—nice chap—we got rather friendly"; or Mr. Salmon when he said for the first time, "Well, good-bye, Mr. Gluckstein. Very pleased to have met you. See you again, I hope."

Historic meetings! That is what I mean by historic meetings. Imagine it when those giants, and all the other giants whose names are indissolubly joined as household words, met for the first time. What happened, that's what I want to know? What did they say? What did they do? What happened? Did the round world stand still when Mr. Bryant clutched the hand of Mr. May? Did unearthly music, as of Jews-harps, wail through the tobacco plantations of Virginia when Mr. Salmon first bowed to Mr. Gluckstein? Did lions whelp in the streets or ghosts gibber in the churchyard or biscuits rattle in their tins when Mr. Peek met Mr. Frean? What did they say? Did Mr. Bryant, perhaps, have a bad hand and say to Mr. May, as their fingers met, "Rub lightly, please?" Did Mr. Huntley exclaim to Mr. Palmer, "Well, this takes the biscuit?" Did some strange prescience of the immensity of the occasion cause Mr. Lambert to feel nervously dying for a smoke, and were his first words to Mr. Butler, "I say, have you got a fag about you?" Who first raised his hat when Mr. Lincoln met Mr. Bennett? or did the thunder-clap of their uniting personalities cause their hats by supernatural means to fly off their heads?

I wish I knew these things. I yearn for history to have preserved them for us. It hasn't. The words of only one historic meeting, so far as I can remember, have come down to us, and they are sufficiently sublime to show what all those others must have been. "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

What we have missed!

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

VERY GRASPING! By F. S. MAY

"Don't call them jugs, Mary, they're ewers."
"Oh, thank ye mum! and are all them little basins mine, too?"

BY H. H. HARRIS

THE "BLUE STOCKING

Standing at Bay: An Exciting Moment in Red Deer Land

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

Stag hunting with the Devon and Somerset pack opened with the usual meet on Cloutsham Ball, and is now in full swing. Our artist has charmingly depicted a typical incident of the chase. The stag is standing at bay in a moorland stream. The foremost hounds have a respect for his formidable antlers. Will he "break away" and escape down the valley?

The Devon and Somerset Staghounds

OPENING MEET AT FAMOUS CLOUTSHAM

TO ROUSE THE STAGS

The harbourer with the tufters going off to draw at Parsonage Hill. Inset: Interested followers admiring the pack before setting off

Photographs THE FIELD WAITING FOR HOUNDS TO DRAW *Sport and General*

The first meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds was held at Famous Cloutsham where they had a good day's sport, two stags being roused at Parsonage Hill, near the summer house, and, later, a bigger one was forced away by Cloutsham Ball

THE START OF A BIG SCHOONER RACE

At Larchmont Regatta, held under the auspices of the New York Yacht Club. America has always been famous for her big schooners ever since the "America" came to England and carried off the Cup which now bears her name. As may be gathered from our illustration, there is nothing more inspiriting than the sight of a fleet of these beautiful craft ramping along in a hard breeze with every stitch of canvas set

SPORTS & PASTIMES

LAWN TENNIS

Mlle. Lenglen's Breakdown

THE news of the defeat of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen in the second round of the Women's Championship of America by Mrs. Franklin Mallory, the champion lady-player of America, was, of course, *the* sensation of last week. There are, roughly speaking, a dozen lady players who (in England, at any rate) could beat Mrs. Mallory; there is not one of these who could beat Mlle. Lenglen. So great, in fact, is the margin of Mlle. Lenglen's superiority among women that it is a common belief that she could beat any other woman anywhere. And yet this belief has now been rudely shaken, if not actually falsified. She retired after Mrs. Mallory had won a set at 6—2 and was a game up in the second.

"I Am Too Ill"

IN extenuation of her breakdown it should be remembered that since her victory at Wimbledon Mlle. Lenglen has been suffering from bronchitis, and has hardly played at all; that she only arrived in New York a couple of days before the tournament began, and only had one day for practice, under unfavourable conditions on a wet court, before encountering Mrs. Mallory in the second round, having been given a walk-over by Miss Eleanor Goss in the first. The story of the match has been much garbled by enterprising pressmen, but it seems clear that from the outset, besides being troubled by a cough (and possibly because of this) she showed signs of nervousness and irresolution, that her play suffered in consequence, and that finally she walked up to the umpire and said, "I cannot go on; I am really too ill."

Photograph *Central News*

WARWICK ARMSTRONG

Captain of the unbeaten Australian Cricket Team. His action in not utilising his best bowlers during the later stages of the fifth Test Match has given rise to a good deal of discussion

The American Climate

IT is conceivable that Mrs. Mallory plays much better in America than elsewhere; it is equally conceivable that on this occasion she was out to make a supreme effort, and made it successfully. It is certain, at any rate, that she was playing extremely well and that Mlle. Lenglen was far below her best. The coughing would appear to indicate that she had not fully recovered from her recent ailment, and for anyone who is not quite fit and not yet acclimatised it is no easy matter to play lawn tennis in the American climate.

A Sinister Disability

BUT it was an unfortunate *contretemps*. We may be certain that on this occasion when Mlle. Lenglen retired she was physically incapable of carrying on. Otherwise it would have been plainly incumbent upon her to persevere with the match, to try and win it if possible, and, if she failed, to take her beating with a good grace. But there have been other occasions on which, when hard-pressed, she has retired, somewhat unaccountably, through indisposition, and people will inevitably remember them to her disadvantage. The truth appears to be that she usually wins her matches so easily that anything in the nature of a set-back has the effect of completely unnerving her. As long as she labours under this disability her reputation as the greatest lady-player the world has ever seen is bound to suffer.

CRICKET

The Oval "Demonstration"—

I WAS not present at the Oval on the first day of the last Test Match when the crowd demonstrated against what it regarded as an unnecessary delay in resuming the game after the rain had ceased. But even if I had been I should probably have only been able to guess at the cause of it since two such distinguished authorities as Colonel Philip Trevor and Captain P. F. Warner differ *in toto* as to the facts. Colonel Trevor in the *Daily Telegraph* says that the two captains when they inspected the pitch agreed that it was not yet playable, and that the crowd should have known this, because if they had disagreed the umpires would then have come out and given their decision, and the umpires did not come out. Captain Warner says in the *Morning Post* that the captains disagreed, and that the umpires, on being appealed to, decided that play was to be resumed at 5.15 p.m.

—And the Moral of it

HOWEVER, I do not think that it really mattered very much whether the two captains were in agreement or not, or who was responsible for the decision that play was to be resumed at 5.15. What did matter was that there was a wholly unnecessary delay in the promulgation of any information at all. It is more than probable that the restiveness of the crowd was caused by its being kept so long in total ignorance of what was contemplated. It is a great mistake to adopt the "wait and see" attitude with a keen and expectant crowd. Even if no definite announcement can be made, it is better to let people know all that there is to be known, and a few words displayed on notice-boards or shouted through the megaphone will suffice to prevent a crowd from becoming impatient. The neglect of this simple precaution may quite well have the effect of making onlookers jump at conclusions which are erroneous. This is what happened on the occasion under notice, and the lesson taught by the incident, that it is foolish to withhold from the public information which it has a right to expect, should be taken to heart by cricket authorities throughout the kingdom.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. FRANKLIN MALLORY

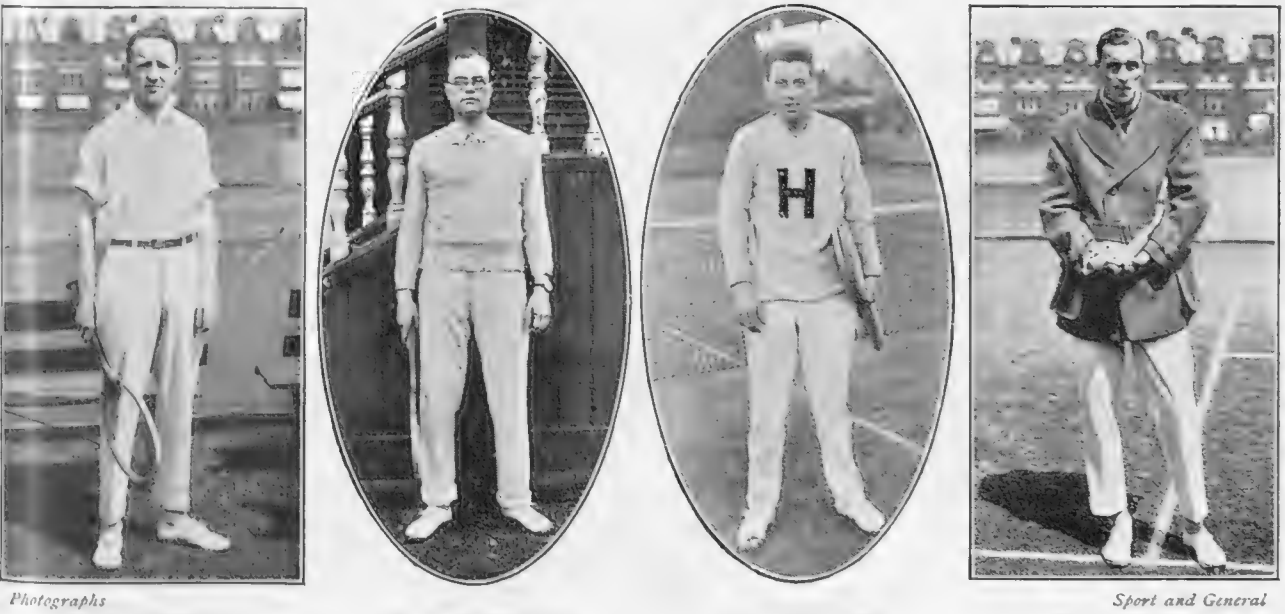
The lady lawn tennis champion of America. Playing against the world-famous Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen in the second round of the Women's Championship of America last week, she won the first set at 6/2, and was a game up in the second when Mlle. Lenglen retired, stating that she was too ill to go on playing

Warner on Armstrong

ON the last day there was another incident of which a good deal too much has been made. I refer to the fact that Armstrong did not utilise his best bowlers as soon as it became fairly obvious that a draw was inevitable. For this and for his demeanour on the field, which indicated boredom with the proceedings, he has been severely taken to task in the *Morning Post* by Captain Warner, who says that it is contrary to the traditions of the game, and especially of Test Match cricket, not to try one's hardest to get the other side out, even when a draw cannot be avoided, and more to the like effect.

Criticism and Courage

SEEING that Armstrong was at liberty to put on whomsoever he pleased to bowl, criticism of his action is necessarily a somewhat delicate matter. I have heard it suggested that he put on his inferior bowlers so as to give the crowd a better chance of seeing plenty of run getting! But if Captain Warner thought that Armstrong was under a moral obligation to utilise his best bowlers and that it was desirable in the interests of the game to give public expression to that opinion, one can, at any rate, admire him for having the courage of his convictions.



Photographs *Sport and General*

W. M. JOHNSTON W. M. WASHBURN R. N. WILLIAMS W. T. TILDEN

AMERICA'S TEAM FOR THE CHALLENGE ROUND OF THE DAVIS CUP

Which will be played in New York early in September. It is probable that Tilden and Johnston will play in the Singles, and Williams and Washburn, who hold an unbeaten record as a pair, in the Doubles. Whatever the final selection of the team may be, the challengers will find themselves up against a very tough proposition

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

Fry Joins Issue

But on the top of this comes Commander C. B. Fry's letter in which he joins issue with Captain Warner and defends Armstrong. He says that Armstrong is a strong advocate of the view that Test Matches should be played to a finish, and that this was his way of showing it. If this is so it strikes me as a somewhat peculiar way. But Commander Fry goes further; he says that it was the "only available" way, which is manifestly absurd. Armstrong, for instance, might (like Commander Fry) have written to the *Morning Post* about it.

Nothing to Grumble at

With the Australians, we are told by Mr. Fry, it has been a sore point for generations that they should have to travel 13,000 miles to play us with the possibility ahead of them of five drawn games and perhaps of a decision confined to one match and the luck of its weather. Well, that hasn't happened this time, at any rate. The Australians have won the rubber comfortably, and have had no trouble in finishing our people off well within the hated time-limit. So that Armstrong's protest—if it was really meant to be a protest—looks like being just a shade unreasonable. Moreover, I seem to remember, though I may be wrong, that with the object of getting over the "sore point" it was specially arranged that, if it was necessary in order to arrive at a decision, the fifth match should be played out. After Commander Fry's letter had appeared the engagement, so to speak, became general, and all sorts and conditions of men have fired off all sorts of opinions on the subject, which just shows how easy it is to make a mountain out of a molehill if you set to work properly. But as the mountain grows so is the situation apt to become ludicrous, and I have little doubt that Armstrong is by this time highly amused by the comments which his action has provoked.

Photograph Sport and General

Photograph L.N.A.

HAMPSHIRE'S TWO HEROES

KENNEDY

The Hampshire professional, who, at Cardiff last week, in the first innings of Glamorganshire against Hampshire, took 8 wickets in 13 overs for 11 runs—a record for the season in County cricket

MEAD

Also of Hampshire, who, by scoring 182 not out for England in the final Test Match, set up a fresh record. The previous highest score for England against Australia in England was made by W. G. Grace in 1886

By Arthur Mailey

OVERHEARD AT THE TEST MATCH

Lady Spectator (*turning back to the game after half-an-hour's absorbing conversation*): "Oh, Armstrong's gone!"

YACHTING

Britannia's Record

Great disappointment was felt when it became known that *Britannia* had finished her season on August 11, for it can readily be understood what a difference the presence of the King's yacht makes to a regatta, especially if His Majesty is on board of her. One comment which was heard ashore recently among a crowd of spectators was, "Bless me if this doesn't beat horse-racing, for here is the King a-winnin' a race himself!" Between the date of her first race on the Clyde and her last at Southsea on the 11th *Britannia* had started twenty-eight times and had won nine firsts and seven other prizes—a total of sixteen flags. She actually finished first fourteen times. The King himself sailed in ten races and it was noticed that his presence nearly always brought with it a good hard wind, which is the weather that *Britannia* likes best.

H. S. S.

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IN PLENTY

But not for you

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VERY SOON there will be plenty of Whisky for those who are satisfied with it when it is three years old only.

You who have been fortunate enough to get accustomed to HAIG & HAIG FIVE STARS SCOTCH WHISKY will never take kindly to three-year-old Whisky. It will not be old enough for your educated palate.

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We, unfortunately, cannot *make old* Whisky. We make it new and wait for it to get old. The process is very costly. That is why it must be costly to you.

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SOCIETY GOES A-FISHING

SOME WELL-KNOWN LADY ANGLERS

ANGLING is one of those few sports whereat womenfolk can engage on fairly even terms with man. Surprising is it, therefore, not to find a larger body of adherents amongst the feminine sex. For the sport is inarduous, yet gives the maximum of excitement and thrills. Who will not remember whilst life lasts his first trout or salmon; the thrill of joy, whether fish be large or small, as the landing net brings the hard-played quarry safe to the bank? It is one of those supreme moments which remain in the recollection for ever.

THE foremost place amongst women anglers must be given to the Princess Royal, sister to the King and widow of the late Duke of Fife, who for many years has given her allegiance to the sport. Her lovely home at Mar Lodge, Braemar, contains many evidences of her skill with rod and line. The rapid running waters of the Upper Dee, hard by, can invariably be counted on to show good sport, and of this the Princess takes the fullest advantage. The Dee, indeed, is said to afford salmon fishers with more sport each year than any other river in Scotland, tributaries and lochs included.

ANOTHER prominent fisherwoman is Dame Clara Butt, the wife of Mr. Kennerley Rumford, whose beautiful home at Compton Lodge, Harley Road, South Hampstead, can show direct evidence of her prowess in the angling art, whilst fishing trophies are also a feature of Dame Butt's country place, Brook Lodge, North Stoke, Wallingford. In addition to being a capable angler, Dame Butt is a splendid horsewoman, and is often to be seen in the saddle.

THE "golden-voiced" Sarah Bernhardt is constantly to be seen with rod and line at her country home, Belle-Isle-en-mer, for this great actress is a very enthusiastic angler and very proficient in the art.

ANOTHER capable exponent is the Hon. Mrs. Alan Gardner, the elder daughter of Lord Blyth, of Blythwood. Besides being an ardent devotee of angling, at which few men are more proficient, Mrs. Gardner is an all-round sportswoman of considerable distinction. A splendid horsewoman, few ladies are seen to better advantage across a country, whilst as a big game shot her experiences cover so wide a range of countries as Africa, Northern India, Nepal, Assam, North America, and Australasia, whilst she has also explored the interior of Somaliland and the Abyssinian frontier. A record, indeed, which few, if any, of her sex can equal.

Photograph *Russell, London*

THE PRINCESS ROYAL

Sister of the King and widow of the late Duke of Fife, who for many years now has been a keen angler

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

DAME CLARA BUTT

Who, when in England, is never happier than with rod and line. At the moment she is in Australia on a world tour

THEN that well-known novelist, Dorothea Conyers, who gave us *The Thorn Bit*, *The Blighting of Bartrum*, *Tiranogue*, and *The Arrival of Antony* finds in angling one of her best-loved sports, and in her native Ireland enjoys many a pleasant hour with rod and line. She also shows all-round sporting ability, which she probably inherits from her father, Colonel J. Blood-Smyth, of Fedamore, Co. Limerick, for she excels in the hunting field, at skating, and tennis.

ONE of the keenest, as well as one of the best exemplars amongst womankind at trout and salmon fishing is Mrs. Edward

Kennard, daughter of Mr. Samuel Laing, a former M.P. for Orkney, and whose husband is a J.P. and D.L. for Monmouthshire. Mrs. Kennard has written many bright stories about the sports she loves so well—she is also an ardent follower of hounds—and altogether has over twenty-five books to her credit. Bad concussion, following a nasty fall in the hunting field, however, has necessitated a limitation of her wonderful output.

MISS JEAN N. M'ILWRAITH, a daughter of the famous Canadian ornithologist, is another great lover of out-door sports, and fishing in particular, finding in this the necessary relaxation from her literary work. She, like Mrs. Kennard, is a well-known authoress, contributing to the "Makers of Canada" series "The Life of Governor-General Sir Frederick Haldimand."

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT

While at her country house, Belle-Isle-en-Mer, is often to be seen rod in hand. Fishing is a welcome relaxation from the arduous work of the theatre

IT is impossible to allude to the many others of womankind taking delight in the angling art, but mention may be made of Mrs. E. S. Lowe, who shares her husband's keenness both for fishing and shooting. At Geendarnel, near Ormedale, at the head of the Kyles of Bute, where Mr. Lowe rents both grouse-moors and fishing rights, the pretty river Ruel, after being lower this year than within living memory owing to the drought, has lately been in spate following fourteen hours heavy rain, and provided plenty of splendid sport with sea-trout, with which it has been alive.

R. C. REED

Photograph *Sport and General*

"GOT YOU THIS TIME!"

A snapshot taken on a delightful backwater of the Thames, where, if catches are not so large as on the Scottish rivers, the sport is equally exciting

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Stockton

I FOUND the meeting at Stockton last week as enjoyable as ever. The racing as a whole worked out much better than it had seemed likely to do. On paper some of the chief events looked like being one-sided affairs, but at the finish there was always something to give the favourites a keen struggle. In Stanislaus' race, for instance, an unexpectedly formidable rival popped up in Kingston Hill. "What do you know about Gilpin's horse?" people were asking in the paddock. It was sufficient for many backers to know that the horse was really "fancied." If Stanislaus had not run very gamely the "mystery" horse, who last winter was being ridden as a hunter, would certainly have won. I advise you to follow him. There is a whisper that Stanislaus will be Lord Derby's best in the Cesarewitch. His price at the time of writing is 100 to 1, which is rather tempting. He is one of the few three-year-olds who can really be counted on to stay the course.

One to Follow

ANOTHER three-year-old whom I think you ought to follow is Tremola. I had not seen this colt before he ran at Stockton, and was surprised to find what a handsome customer he is. If he does not develop into a really high-class performer I shall be disappointed. He put up a really good effort against Polemarch, who is quite a smart horse just now. You will remember that Tremola ran second in the Irish Derby, and I think Harry Powney will be getting a good race out of him before long.

A St. Leger Outsider

HOW about Polemarch as a likely outsider for the St. Leger? It is, of course, highly improbable that he can beat Craig an Eran, but if anything were to happen to Lord Astor's colt I think Polemarch would possess as good a chance as any. Unquestionably he has real class on his side. At one time it was thought he would not stay, but that idea has been dispelled by his latest performances, and if you can get a good price about him I think you might do worse than have a bit on him each way. Tremola will probably run in the St. Leger, which, with the disappearance of Lemonora, looks superficially to be a certainty for Craig an Eran.

Fine Performances

LAST week's racing will be remembered for the splendid weight-carrying performances put up by Abbot's Trace and Glanmerin. They both proved themselves to be in magnificent form, and their successes were hugely popular with the crowd. Your North Country sportsman dearly loves a good horse, and they were quick to appreciate the fine achievements of the animals in question. Abbot's Trace seems to be improving with age, and we shall certainly have to take him into account in the Cambridgeshire. Anyway, Sam Pickering will be lucky if he can produce a better horse for that handicap

Credit Where Due

SOME weeks ago I wrote something about the wretched manner in which the catering is done at some of the South Country meetings. I find that they can do things infinitely better in the North. Credit should be given where it is due, and I raise my hat to the firm who carried out the feeding arrangements at Stockton. The four-and-sixpenny luncheon they gave us comprised excellent soup, salmon mayonnaise, chicken, a wide variety of cold viands and pies, fruit and cream, farm butter, etc. Can you beat it? It was the best racecourse lunch I have ever encountered at a reasonable price, and I make no apology for interpolating these words of praise

On the Knavesmire

YORK is one of the best meetings of the summer campaign. Here, again, some of the South Country courses can learn a lot, especially with regard to the stands, which are a model of their kind. They have had plenty of rain in the North this month, and the going on the Knavesmire should be perfect. We look like having a big field for the Ebor Handicap on Wednesday. The handicap is headed by Pomme de Terre. It is asking a great deal of any horse to carry 9st. 5lb. in such a field, but after going through the weights I find that Lord Zetland's crack is really not unfavourably handicapped. We saw him carry 9st. 4lb. successfully in the Manchester November Handicap, so his task this week is by no means an impossible one. I have decided, in fact, to make **Pomme de Terre** my selection.

By "The Tout"

SIR H. CUNLIFFE-OWEN, Bt.

Who has sprung into such prominence during recent seasons, is an enthusiast for whom racing is a relaxation from an arduous business career (as Vice-Chairman of the British-American Tobacco Company). "Orpheus," "Mount Royal," and "Spearwort" are some of his successful horses, and he is generally to be seen seated on a shooting-stick watching Leach add the finishing touches

The Gimcrack

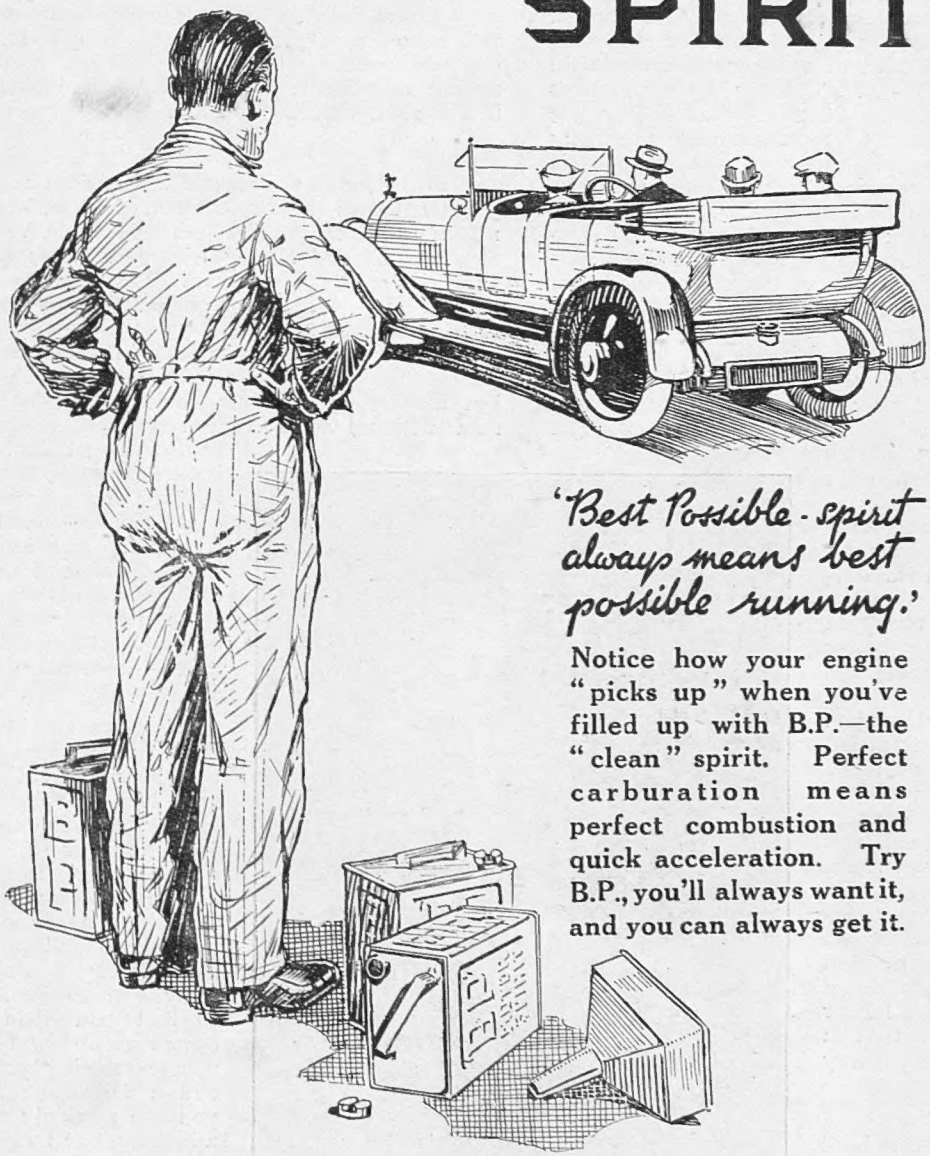
THERE will be plenty of other interesting events on the Knavesmire. The Gimcrack Stakes, for instance, is sure to be an attractive affair. Who will have the honour of being the guest of the evening at the annual Gimcrack Club dinner? I think Lord Jersey has an excellent chance of filling that coveted position if he runs his good colt **Scamp**. It is quite probable that this is the best two-year-old in training, and I hope we shall see him on the Knavesmire. **Francis Joseph** may win the Harewood Handicap on Thursday.

'BP'

MOTOR SPIRIT

MOTOR "BP" SPIRIT

Look for this Sign:



'Best Possible' spirit always means best possible running.'

Notice how your engine "picks up" when you've filled up with B.P.—the "clean" spirit. Perfect carburation means perfect combustion and quick acceleration. Try B.P., you'll always want it, and you can always get it.

British Petroleum Co., Ltd.
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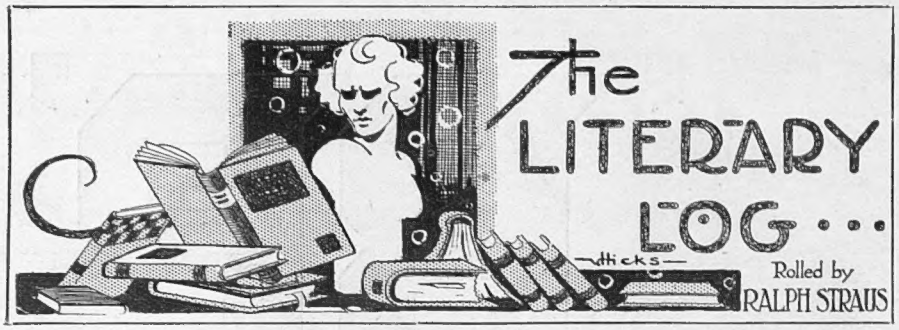


THAT letter from General Smuts to de Valera will not be easily forgotten. In a way it tends to bring home to Englishmen what has been done in a country which at one time was even more determined than Ireland to show its hatred of Britain. The Union of South Africa is a fact; but that does not mean to say that the problems of this new country have been settled, or anything like it. Home opinion, I fancy, is inclined to be casual and indeterminate. "South Africa? Oh, yes. Boers and blacks and those diamond fellows. And Rhodes. But it's such a long way off, and isn't Smuts looking after things? We can't be expected to understand all their local affairs. . . ." And yet the problems which are confronting South Africa to-day are mightily interesting. I recommend an unusually comprehensive and pleasantly written volume on the subject by a most experienced student in public affairs, Mr. Charles Dawbarn. *My South African Year* (Mills and Boon: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) is no mere collection of amiable jottings; it unfolds an understandable panorama, and gives you a very good knowledge of the big local problems.

⁂ ⁂

THERE is, first of all, the Dutch-English question. The old Boer farmer knows what courtesy and hospitality mean well enough, but you cannot get away from the fact that he still pines for the old days when Kruger and his colleagues were there to govern in the good old Dutch way. He remains the backwoodsman who is by no means in favour of the increased immigration and better irrigation for which those who are looking well forward are so earnestly hoping. He wants to be left alone. More serious, perhaps, is the black-and-white problem. Theoretically the country belongs to the black, and theoretically, as a subject of the Crown, he is on terms of equality with his white master. But anyone who has stayed more than twenty-four hours in a country with black labour knows well enough that in practice this equality theory does not work.

⁂ ⁂

AND yet it does seem hard that for the same work, say, in the mines, a black should not get even a quarter as much as a white. And if he does happen to be more highly educated than most men of his colour he seems to be at an even greater disadvantage in the battle of life, for nobody appears to want him in that state at all! Then, too, there is that vexed question of Rhodesia, which still remains outside the Union. Is she to come in or not? And what of the Secessionists? Decidedly General Smuts's task is not easy.

⁂ ⁂

MR. DAWBARN went to South Africa without being handicapped by any particular bias. He saw most of the political leaders and prominent commercial figures. He travelled hither and thither, and received much kindness, and, what is of greater importance to his readers, much plain speaking. His book is straightforward and suggestive. He is no armchair statesman with a cut-and-dried scheme which *cannot* fail; he knows the multifold difficulties too well. But such suggestions as he does make seem sane and temperate, and you lay down his book in the conviction that you have obtained a valuable insight into South African affairs, and obtained it in the most welcome manner.

⁂ ⁂

ANOTHER volume of travel which does not worry itself with great problems of state, but which makes no less enjoyable reading, is Mr. E. V. Lucas's *Roving East and Roving West* (Methuen: 5*s.* net). What is Mr. Lucas's secret? Why are these short memoranda of things seen and things done on holiday so subtly satisfactory? Scores of authors must have spent seven weeks in India and three in Japan and a lurid two months in the States, but how many of them could have written this slim volume, with its dainty vignettes and its historical sketches? There is little enough, I suppose, in Mr. Lucas's notes which could not be found somewhere or other in the big learned books of the past, and yet there is that about them which marks them off—a light-hearted grace, is it?—from the others.

⁂ ⁂

IT is as though Mr. Lucas had suddenly decided to take you by the hand, and, like the Red Queen, hurry you round the world in an hour or so. "We'll just have a look," you imagine him saying, "and see where we agree with the books and where we decidedly don't." And away you go on his arm, to find odd little things cropping up and cheery people crossing your path and a delicious sense that you are not only enjoying a holiday, but travelling to very good purpose. But this, of course, is no discovery of mine. Mr. Lucas has other travel-books to his credit, and if you know them you will naturally want to read his holiday sketches.

R. S.

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

LADY NORAH BENTINCK

Whose book, "The Emperor in Exile," will shortly be publishe... Lady Norah is the eldest daughter of the Duke of Gainsborough, and married Captain Count Robert Charles Bentinck in 1915. The book gives some interesting sidelights on the Hun-Emperor in Holland, at whose residence the authoress has had unusual facilities for observing the private life of the ex-Royal wood-cutter

"Mr. Punch's History of Modern England"

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE SERVANT "GALS"?

Charming Lady (showing her house to benevolent old gentleman): "That's where the housemaid sleeps"

Benevolent Old Gentleman: "Dear me, you don't say so! Isn't it very damp? I see the water glistening on the walls!"

Charming Lady: "Oh, it's not too damp for a servant!"

SCIENCE APPLIED TO ART

Angelina Squills (the doctor's daughter), by a judicious use of her father's stethoscope, is able to detect and enjoy the delicate tenor voice of the interesting young curate who lodges next door

(Pictures reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of "Punch")

Mr. Punch Sees It Through

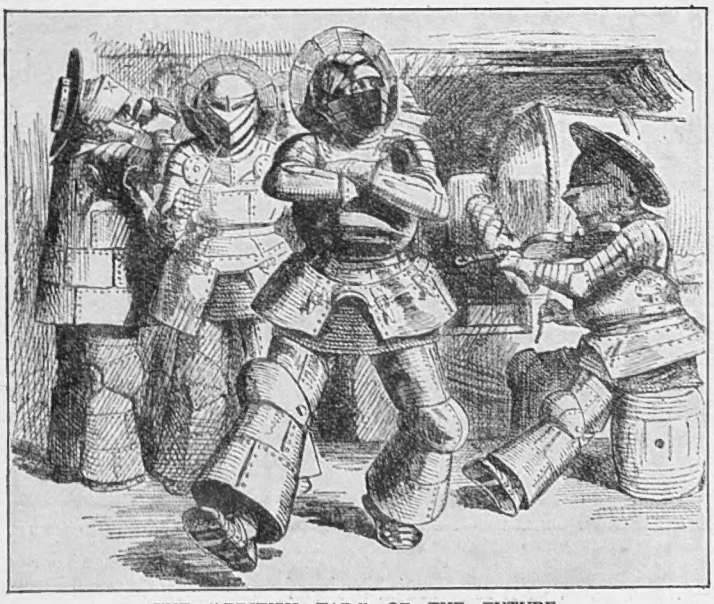
I HAVE spent several delightful evenings in turning over the pages of the first two volumes of Mr. Charles Graves's new book, *Mr. Punch's History of Modern England*, which the House of Cassell has published in most admirable style. It is a book that I should place in the hands of every Minister of Foreign Affairs abroad, for it explains England, and all that England stands for, more vividly than almost anything I know—English common-sense (even English Philistinism, if you will), and yet with a humour and graciousness that belongs to no other humorous paper in the world.

❀ ❀

MR. GRAVES exhibits this by showing this humour at work in distinct aspects, such as the national outlook and the social fabric, illustrating each with representative pictures. Mr. Punch has always taken a broad, humanitarian view on social questions; on the other hand, for a long time he was not to be persuaded that the emancipation of woman was either possible or desirable. To-day, of course, we have almost entirely left behind us any caricature of the passing fashions, however ridiculous they may be, but Mr. Punch never missed a chance in the old days, although when du Maurier tried his hand at it he did it so good-naturedly that even the Pankhursts of the period cannot have been angered.

A NOVEL FACT

Old-fashioned Party (with old-fashioned prejudices): "Ah, very clever, I dare say. But I see it's written by a lady, and I want a book that my *daughter* may read. Give me something else!"



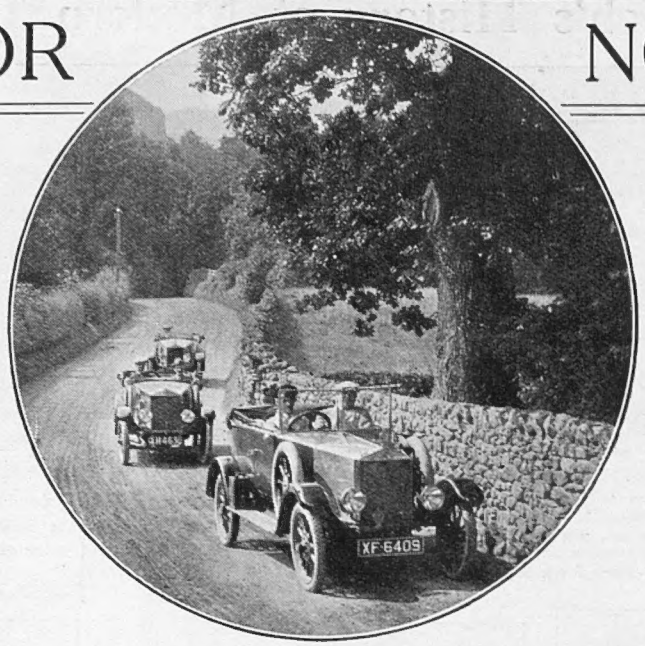
THE "BRITISH TAR" OF THE FUTURE

❀ ❀

WE have come to the period in which people speak of "the pictures," but no pictures I know of can compare with this vivid panorama of our immediate ancestors, and in going over it you are conscious of certain permanencies of thought which persist in a world in which much has changed. This essence of *Punch* adds to the daily round, and really makes for that sweetness without which life is always difficult.

J. M. B.

MOTOR NOTES



TOURING IN CUMBERLAND

The three 11.9 Albert cars completing the final stages of their two thousand mile tour in the North of England last month

WHAT a busy time the enthusiastic sporting motorist is having nowadays. Meetings at Brooklands practically every Saturday, hill climbs galore all over the country, and now the A.C.U. Six Days' Trial right upon us, to say nothing of the small cars' Grand Prix races at Le Mans, and the big meeting at Brescia for cars, aeroplanes, and motor-cycles. I am glad to see that Harry G. Bell is riding one of the famous F.N. four-cylinder shaft-drive 7 h.p. motor-cycles out of the three of this make that are taking part in this competition. Both Mr. Gelder and Mr. Bell have been most consistent in their performances on F. N. cars and F. N. cycles respectively, and I am sure all those interested in absolute mechanical lubrication for motor-cycles will carefully watch the F. N. performance in the Six Days' because this system is embodied in their design. As this is, together with the shaft drive, more of a novelty in these trials than the average entry they increase the general interest in the event.

* * *

THANKS to Lord Curzon and Mr. J. D. Kiley, not forgetting the Motor Legislation Committee, the objectionable clause in the Manchester Corporation Bill by which hackney carriage control could be extended to private hire cars was defeated in the House of Commons last week. Really the Manchester "Fathers" were a-going-of-it in trying to more or less lay their heavy hand on the motor transport people in that city so as to make it as nasty as they could for them because they are running the tram receipts down and out. Which, I suppose, is letting the cat out of the bag with a vengeance, but tramways, and railways, too, have got to fully understand that they are no longer to remain the monopolists of passenger traffic either in town or country as they used to do. When cities take to trading, even for the good of their denizens, and business is bad, they must put up with it as other folks have to do, but to try and down their rivals who are also fellow citizens is bad policy, and the House of Commons have plainly told them so. Other municipalities please note.

* * *

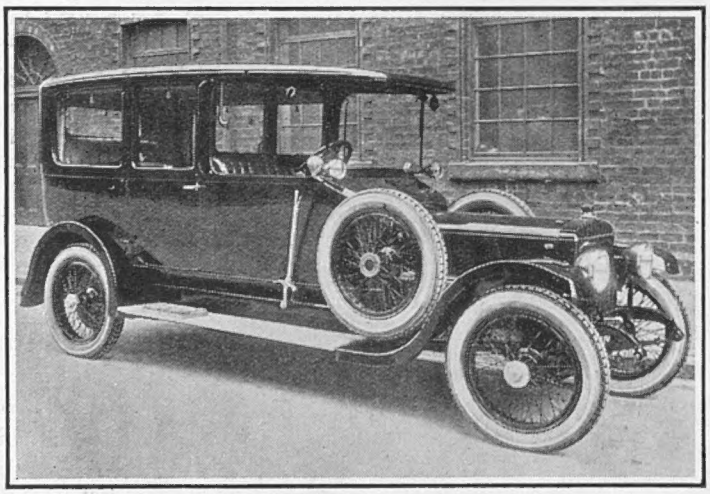
STENSON COOK, back from his holidays, is going strong, and in view of the numerous prosecutions for technical breaches of motoring law, the A.A. consider it desirable for all concerned to note the causes of petty harassing of motoring road users. They can be hauled before the "beak" for rear number being obscured by spare wheels or other articles, and by motor-cycle pillion-riders' clothes. Oh! ye flappers, little as you do wear, beware of this last offence. Even a starting-handle has obscured a front number so as to earn a fine for the car-owner, while cut-outs non-silenced, and driving licences unpaid, or omission in carrying same, have proved pitfalls for many. As for the motor-cycling brigade cases have been dealt with by reason that the machines were not fitted with two independent and efficient brakes, so it behoves cyclists to see that these form part of their equipment at all times if they wish to avoid the lynx-eyed "cop."

* * *

NOW that Empire-produced power alcohol is freed from duty and has a preference amounting to more than two shillings a gallon over foreign spirit we motorists hope that all the talk of the distilleries in this country will now produce a practical and cheap home fuel for our motors. Especially as Sir Robert Horne pointed out when Parliament dealt with power alcohol in the Finance Bill that "in order to equalise the cost of manufacture" the British producer is given, in addition, a bounty so as to let him trade on equal terms with the sellers of imported spirits. After this I hope we shall hear nothing more of the technical reasons and such like talk that has been a form of excuse for not getting on with this job of providing the British nation with home-produced motor fuel.

* * *

SIR EDWARD MACKAY EDGAR is making a real good bid to regain for Great Britain the British International Motor-Boat Trophy that the U.S.A. took off us last year. The race will be held on the lake at Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A., and no doubt *Miss America*, the boat that won last year, will again compete. Our new British boat, *Maple Leaf VII*, that Sir Edward has had fitted with four "Matabele" Sunbeam engines developing a total of 1,800 h.p., is 33ft. long, and is stated to be capable of eighty miles per hour on the sea when fully out. These hydroplane boats really only skim the surface of the water and throw up hardly any bow wave. America has always been keen on this "one or two steps" form of boat design, and certainly gave us a real good beating last year, which we hope to return to her with interest in due course. OLD HY.



NEW STRAIGHT SIDE TYRES

A 30-h.p. Saltley Limousine Daimler, recently delivered in Glasgow, fitted with Dominion Royal Cord Tyres—the first British car to adopt straight side tyres as original equipment